



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

THE  
RATIONAL METHOD  
IN  
READING

BY  
EDWARD G. WARD

SECOND READER

PART I

WITH PRACTICE EXERCISES

AND A GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

BOOK  
PROPERTY OF  
L. COMMISSION  
ORD CO.

District No. 5

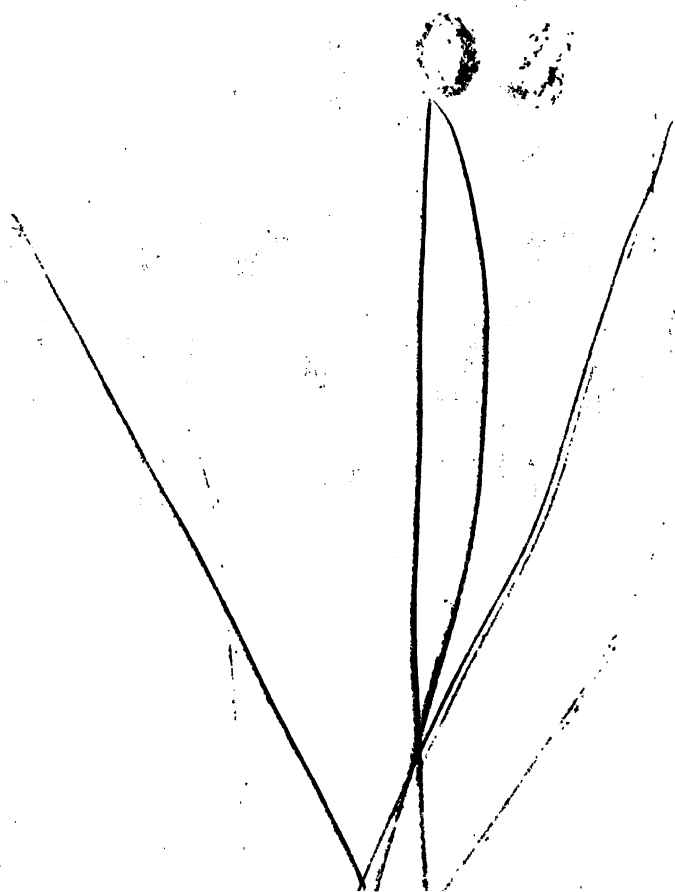
RULES.

TO WHOM THIS BOOK IS LOANED, the borrower is responsible for its careful use, and its prompt return in good condition as soon as he leaves school. WRITING IN, MARKING UPON, or otherwise damaging the book, will be considered a material loss, and the book must be replaced or paid for. THE BOOK MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE TEACHER'S HOME for the purposes of study. TEACHERS SHALL INSPECT all books at least once a month, and report their condition at the end of the month.

PUPIL'S NAME	
Dec. 1915	Eleanor Wilson
Oct. 1916	Eleanor Wilson
Feb. 1917	Eleanor Wilson
Feb. 1918	Eleanor Wilson
	Eleanor Wilson
Sept. 1922	Frances Mott
Jun 13/1923	Frances Mott

W







PICTURE FOR A STORY.

THE  
RATIONAL METHOD IN READING

*AN ORIGINAL PRESENTATION OF SIGHT AND SOUND WORK  
THAT LEADS RAPIDLY TO INDEPENDENT AND  
INTELLIGENT READING*

BY

EDWARD G. WARD

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

*ASSISTED IN THE PREPARATION OF THE LESSONS BY*

MRS. ELLEN E. KENYON-WARNER

Second Reader

(THIRD HALF-YEAR'S WORK)

PART I. SIGHT AND PHONETIC READING. ADVANCE WORK

PART II. SIGHT AND PHONETIC READING. THE REMAINING PHONOGRAMS  
READING WITH ALL THE PHONOGRAMS



SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

This One



KARS-UXL-OLUG



# THE RATIONAL METHOD IN READING

**First  
Year**

## **PRIMER**

*Material : Conversations.*

PART I.—Reading by the Word Method.

PART II.—Sight and Phonetic Reading Combined.

## **FIRST READER**

*Material : Conversations and Stories.*

PART I.—Sight and Phonetic Reading. Largely review Exercises.

PART II.—Sight and Phonetic Reading. Advance Work.

**Second  
Year**

## **SECOND READER**

*Material : Stories and Poetry. Literary and Ethical.*

PART I.—Sight and Phonetic Reading. Advance Work.

PART II.—Sight and Phonetic Reading. The Remaining Phonograms.

## **THIRD READER**

*Material : Stories, Poetry, etc., from History, Folk Lore, and Standard Fiction. Literary and Ethical.*

Sight and Phonetic Reading. Diacritical Marks omitted from the easier and more familiar Phonetic Words.

## **FOURTH READER**

*Material : Stories, Poetry, etc., from History, Folk Lore, and Fiction.*

Diacritical Marks omitted from the Text.

## **FIFTH READER**

*Material : Literary, Ethical, Historical, and Mythological.*

## **MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR TEACHERS**

### **PHONETIC CARDS —**

FIRST SET. To Accompany the Primer.

SECOND SET. To Accompany the First Reader.

THIRD SET. To Accompany the Second Reader.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, 1907, 1908, BY SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY.  
ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, LONDON, ENGLAND. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE special purpose of the Primer and the first two Readers in this series is to put the child, within a year and a half from his entrance into school, into possession of a complete *key* to English Reading; so that, should his schooling then cease, his ability to read would nevertheless "grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength."

The method here introduced is a combination of the word (or sentence) method and the phonetic method. It differs in many essential respects from any before presented, the differences being based upon principles not hitherto clearly understood, or, at any rate, not properly recognized.

The books provide material for part of the work, and indicate, therefore, but part of the method. The rest, both work and method, must be sought in the *Manual*, without a careful perusal of which *no one should attempt to use the books*. The study of the *Manual*, though so important a matter, will not be found difficult, since the directions are comparatively few, are logically grouped, and are clearly and simply expressed.

Those who would have success in the use of the books should follow these directions implicitly during the first year. They will then know the method and understand the underlying principles well enough to be safe in making such deviations from the beaten track as may seem to them wise.

The *method* embodied in the series is an outgrowth of the author's study, observation, and experimentation in the public schools of Brooklyn, of which he was for many years the honored Superintendent.

In presenting this edition printed from new plates and embellished with new illustrations, the publishers wish to make grateful acknowledgment of the phenomenal favor that has been accorded to the *Rational Method in Reading* by the teachers and educators of the country. So many editions have been called for that the original plates have become worn; and the publishers, in renewing the plates, have taken advantage of the opportunity to make a few textual changes and improvements.

For the convenience of teachers, the variations in this text as compared with the edition first published have been tabulated, and appear on pages 143 and 144 of this edition.

JUNE, 1908.

## TO THE TEACHER

---

It will be useless to put children into this book unless

1. They *know* all the sight-words and phonograms presented in the Primer and the First Reader, — and
2. Are skillful enough in "the blend" to determine readily any word made up of not more than three or four of said phonograms.

If, therefore, your pupils have been imperfectly prepared for this book in the grades below yours, — or if, having been well prepared, they have had a long vacation just before entering your grade, — your first care must be to review and perfect the work of the lower grades, *whatever time it may require* to do so.

If your pupils have not been prepared at all, i.e., have not been taught by the Rational Method, you must, of course, prepare them *ab initio*. No matter what their grade or their acquirements may be, the best of all ways to do this is to put them through the Primer and the First Reader in strict accordance with the directions given in the Manual for the *first* and *second* half-years' work; except that, instead of beginning with the blackboard and learning a certain stock of words in advance, they should begin with the book itself, and learn the new words as they become necessary.

At the beginning of a term, though the scholars from the grade below come to you well prepared, you will probably receive a number of *new scholars* who know nothing of this method. Meet the difficulty involved in this circumstance, thus:

During the first month of the term, teach the new scholars, by means of special drills, all the words and phonograms found in the following lists. Let them also, of course, participate in the regular reading of the class, but do not expect their reading during this month to be good. From the beginning of the second month, the class should be able to work as a unit.

### VOCABULARY OF THE PRIMER AND FIRST READER

#### Words

a, again, ail, all, am, an, and, any, apple, are, arm, as, at, ate, — be, been, bird, boy, bread, bush, business, busy, but, by, — can, come, corn, could, cow, — day, did, do, does, dog, don't, down, drink, — each, eat, egg, eight, end, ever, — for, found, Frank,

from, fruit, full, — garden, get, girl, give, go, goes, good, grass, — had, hand, has, have, he, heard, her, here, him, his, home, horse, how, — I, ice, if, ill, in, is, it, — Jack, — kind, — less, let, like, look, — make, me, milk, mosquito, Mr., much, — new, no, not, now, — of, old, on, once, one, other, our, out, over, — picture, play, pretty, put, — rabbit, — said, saw, says, see, seed, sell, sew, shall, she, some, stay, such, — take, tell, than, Thanksgiving, that, the, them, then, there, they, thing, think, this, to, too, turkey, — up, us, — want, was, watch, water, ~~way~~, we, well, were, wet, what, when, where, which, who, will, ~~wind~~, wing, with, ~~work~~, ~~would~~, — yard, yes, you.

### Phonograms

ā, ă, a, — b, bl, br, — e, ç, ch, ck, cl, cr, — d, d̄, dr, — ē, ě, e, ed, er, ers, est, ew, — f, ful, — ġ, ġl, gr, — h, — i, ĩ, i, ic, ick, ight, ights, im, ing, ings, ip, is, ish, — j, — k, — l, less, ly, — m, — n, ness, n̄, — ō, ô, ô, o, o, ou, ow, — p, pl, pr, — r, — s, s̄, sh, — t, th, th, tr, — ŭ, ŭ, u, un, — v, — w, wh, — ȳ, ȳ.

(These phonograms should be taught or reviewed in the order in which they are presented in the *Manual* and not in the alphabetical or reference order in which they are given above.)

In using this book, never have your scholars read a lesson until you have specially prepared them for it in accordance with the following directions:

1. Copy on the blackboard, with their marks, all the phonetic words of the lesson that contain more than three phonograms each, and about a dozen of the shorter phonetic words. 2. Have these words read by the scholars a number of times. Your experience will soon teach you how much repetition is necessary. 3. As a rule, give the harder words to the bright scholars, and the easier ones to the dull scholars. If you would not have the dull remain dull, give them plenty of easy work to do.

This exercise will constitute at once a *préparation* for the lesson, and the “blend drill” for the day.

A day or two before reaching a lesson that introduces a *new* phonogram, teach the said new phonogram, and give your scholars drill in its use by having them read from the blackboard a number of words taken from the *Manual* list over which said phonogram appears. Do not teach any new phonogram more than a day or two in advance of the lesson over which it is first presented.

Finally, — Do not attempt the use of this or any other book of this series until you have thoroughly digested the instructions given in the *Manual*, pp. 5-15.



THE DOLLS' BATH

G. Lyster.

# SECOND READER

## PART I

### LESSON I

#### Busy Bärnøŷ

1

Make be lĕvø your work is play  
And strĭvø with all your might;  
Then wearĭ ness will flĭ a way,  
And work be come dēlight.

1. Bärnøŷ was a little Irish boy. He had a stĕp-father who was vĕřŷ kind to him.
2. Bärnøŷ's stĕp father workøĎ hārd for a lĭv ing. Ġŷĕss what his business was.

3. Was he a bärber ôr a cärman? Was he a chäreōāl man ôr a här ness māk er? Did he kēep a lāundry ôr a mārkēt?

4. No, he was a cärpēt clēān er. He callēd Bärnēy his pärtner. That was be causē Bärnēy hēlpēd him so much. It mādē Bärnēy věry prōud.



5. They tōok the cärpēts out on the rīver, in a bārgē. There they brūshēd and beāt them well. The work was too dusty to do at home.

6. When a cār go of cärpēts was well clēānēd, they would hurra loud ly. Bärnēy's mōther cōuld hear the



hearty cheers from the shore. They lived not far from the water. A little foot path led from the landing to the house.

7. Bärnej's mother would listen and say, "Hark! It's five o'clock now! They've finished to-day's work. I must be getting the supper ready.

8. "I'll give them a fine corn starch pudding to-night. They shall not starve for want of a little good cooking. I must make some rhubarb tarts, too. I'll give them a feast for once.

9. "There's the lad waving to me now. He's waving his scarf. I'd know it a mile off."

10. Bärnej and his step father would bring the carpets a shore. They took them to the owners in a cart.

11. They would reach home at about seven o'clock. Bärnej's mother would kiss them both and give them a good supper.

12. When supper was over, Bärnej would play marbles with the boys. When it grew too dark to play, he would go in. He would take his book and read a while. Then he would go to Miss Lily White's party.

13. Do you know what that means? It means going to bed. Do you like that kind of party?



## LESSON II

Little Threē-Nāmes

Elizabeth
-----------

1. Elizabeth, Bētsēy, and Bēss

Wēnt wālk ing in finē sunnŷ wēath er,  
And saw on a trē in the lānē,  
Tŷo apples rīpē, hāng ing to gēth er.

2. Elizabeth, Bētsēy, and Bēss,

Each pickēd a red apple and ate it.  
But still there was one apple lēft.  
If the rēāson you know, plēasē to statē it.

3. Elizabeth was a little girl. Her fāther callēd her Bētsēy. Her brother callēd her Bēss.

4. Now can you tell a bout the apples?

5. How many girls were there? How many apples were eatēn?

6. Do you know any little girl who has thrē nāmes?

## LESSON III

## Maudé's Pärtý

a

1. "Let's have a pärtý this räiný Märchu after noon," said Mäudé Lēigh.

2. "A pärtý, a pärtý!" shouted all the other chil-drēn. "What shall we begin with?"

3. "We will dress Sādē to be grandmä and have störy-telling."

4. So they put a löng dress on pöör Sādē. They fästöned a shäwl over her shöulders. Of cöurse she had to have on a cäp and glässēs.



5. When she was all ready they seated her on the sōfā. Then they gathered around her and called her grandmā. They teased grandmā for a stōry, as childrēn always do.

6. "Well," said grandmā, "here's one that's soon told: —

"Threē wisē mēn of Go tham  
Wēnt to sē in a bōwl.  
If the bōwl had been strōnger,  
My stōry had been lōnger."

7. "I supposē the bōwl brōkē," said Ruth.

8. "And the threē wisē mēn were drownēd," said Paul.

9. "No nēd to tell that," said Edith.

10. "And that's what makes the stōry so shōrt," said Jāmēs.

11. "I don't think they were vērly wisē mēn," said Mārý.

12. "What shall we play now?" askēd Frank.

13. "Let Jēnný sing us a sōng," said Maudē. "I'll play the pīānō for her."

14. So Jēnný sāng:

"High on the branch of a chēs'nūt trēē,  
Lived a mother bird and her bird līngs thrēē."

15. The sīnging was vērŷ sweēt, and the chīldrēn wanted more of it. But by this tīmē Māndē had an other idēā.

16. "Let us have a rīddlē," she said. "Cōrā, you give us one."

17. "Well," said Cōrā, "here is a vērŷ old one:—

"As I was go ing to Sāint Ivēs.  
I mēt nīnē wīvēs.  
How manŷ were go ing to  
Sāint Ivēs?"

18. "Oh, I can answēr that one!" criēd Elizabeth.  
"My mother rēād it to me out of a bōōk."

19. "Well, don't tell," said Māndē. "Let the others gūēss."

20. Jack gūēssēd tēn. "Nīnē and one āre tēn," said he.

21. But Cōrā shōōk her hēād. So did Elizabeth.

22. "Do you all give it up?" āskēd Cōrā at lāst.



23. They all said, "Yes," for they could not guess the answer. Then Ćora told them.

24. "Only one was going to Sănt Ives," said she. "That was I. The nine were coming *from* Sănt Ives. That is how I came to meet them."

25. The children thought the riddle a very good one.

26. After that Maude played a polka, and all the children danced.

27. Then they passed a round a basket of fruit. That was the last thing on the program.

## LESSON IV

Blānchē and her Äynt

är	ēar	ēr	īr	ōr	ūr
----	-----	----	----	----	----

1. There once livēd in Frāncē a little girl nāmēd Blānchē. Her äynt was an ärtist. She pāynted land-seāpēs for a mērchant who sold such things. She workēd ēarly and late to ēarn a līving.

2. Blānchē was her little houš kēp er. Her äynt said she was a pērfēet little pearl. Blānchē said, with a pōlitē Frēnch bow, "I am your sērvānt."



3. "Yes, you are my little stir-a bout," said her äunt. "You are wörth more than a pearl. I wouldn't sell you for a diamond. You know jewēlers chargē high prīcēs for diamonds. You are a diamond of the first water."

4. "I suppōsē that means the best kind of diamond," said Blānchē. "But I'd rāther be some thing a livē."

5. "Well, then, you are my ēarnest little wōman-of-all-work. You are my nūrsē in sick ness, and my eōok and housē kēēper. You are my clērķ too, for you kēēp all my ācēcounts."

6. "And you are all the wōrld to me," said Blānchē. "I have nēither mammā nōr papā. What shōuld I do with out you?"

7. "You dārn all my stōck ings," her äunt wēnt on. "You mādē me that pretty pūrplē pinēushīōn. You knit this pūrsē for me. You wīnd up my euckōō clōck every nīght. You tīē up all my pārcēls. You shārpēn my crāyōns. You kēēp the look ing-glass bright ly pōlishēd. You never lāy the tāblē clōth croōk ed."

8. "Your tāsks never seem a būrdēn to you. You are up with the lārķ. You go bright ly ābout your work. You dēsērvē all that I do for you."

9. "Do you think I could learn to draw and paint?" said Blanché.

10. "You might try," replied her aunt. "I'll teach you if you like. We'll be gin on your birth day. Let me see — that will be the third Thurs day in March."

11. "Oh, good!" cried Blanché, and her eyes sparkled with glad ness. "That will not be long to wait. Some day I may take a turn at your work. Then you can take a turn at mine, if you like."

12. "That will be a change for both of us," said aunt. "And change of work is play, you know."

13. "I hope I shall not be a slow scholar," said Blanché. "If I suceeded, we can work to gether. We shall be the happiest couple on earth then."

14. "Well, don't furnish your house be fore it's built," said aunt, smiling. "You remind me of the foolish woman in the story. She counted her chickens be fore they were hatched."

15. "Yes," said Blanché, "I know; and then she let her basket fall. Of course all the eggs were broken. Then there was no chance for any chickens."

16. But Blanché learned to draw and paint very well. In time, she be came as fine an artist as her aunt.



## LESSON V

## I Like Little Pussŷ

1. I like little Pussŷ,  
Her cōat is so wārm,  
And if I don't hūrt her  
She'll do me no hārm.  
So I'll not pull her tail,  
Nōr drīv her a way.  
But Pussŷ and I  
Věry gěntly will play.
2. She shall sit by my sīdē,  
And I'll give her some fōōd;  
And she'll like me be easy  
I am gěntlē and good.  
I'll pat little Pussŷ,  
And then she will pūrr,  
And thus shōw her thānks  
For my kind ness to her.
3. I'll not pinch her ēārs,  
Nōr trēd on her paw,

Lest I should provoke her  
To use her shärp claw;  
I never will cröss her,  
Nör make her displeased,  
For Pussy don't like  
To be wörried ör täsed.

— Jänö Täylör.




## LESSON VI

### How the Wörld Cäme to an End

1. It räined härd, and Chicken Little ran under a röse bush. She stayed there until the räin was over. She was a bout to come out when some thing dreadful häppened.

2. The läaves were still hävvy with water. A great dröp rölled from one of them. It fäll on Chicken Little's tail.

3. Chicken Little ran to her mother. This is what she said, "Oh, Hën Pën, the wörld has come to an end!" 

4. "How do you know, Chicken Little?" said Hën Pën. And what do you think Chicken Little answered?

5. "I saw it with my eyes. I heard it with my ears. And a piece of it fell on my tail."

6. Hěn Pěn could not help be leaving her child. She ran to Dǔck Lǔck. "Oh, Dǔck Lǔck," she cried, "the world has come to an end!"

7. "How do you know, Hěn Pěn?" said Dǔck Lǔck.

8. "Chicken Little told me," said Hěn Pěn.

9. "How do you know, Chicken Little?"

10. "I saw it with my eyes. I heard it with my ears. And a piece of it fell on my tail."

11. Then Dǔck Lǔck be leaved it and ran to Gōōsē Lōōse.

12. "Oh, Gōōsē Lōōse, the world's come to an end!"

13. "How do you know, Dǔck Lǔck?"

14. "Hěn Pěn told me."

15. "How do you know, Hěn Pěn?"

16. "Chicken Little told me."

17. "How do you know, Chicken Little?"

18. "I saw it with my eyes. I heard it with my ears. And a piece of it fell on my tail."

19. "Oh! oh! oh!" said Gōōsē Lōōse. "I must go tell Türkøŷ Lūrķøŷ."

20. But just then the sun came out. They all fell to eat ing. They for göt that the world had come to an end.

## LESSON VII

## A Reading Test

1. "Come, Ēdīth," said Elizabeth, "let us play seĥōl. I will be the teacher, and you shall be my best seĥōl ār. I will test you on what you have rēd. Who was Wee Winnīe?"

2. "A dēar little girl," rēplīed Ēdīth. "She could not talk much, but she could spēak to her puppŷ. Yes, and to her kīd, too. They were her pēts."

3. "Věry well answēred. Who was Dōttŷ Dim plē?"

4. "An other little girl. Dick Duntōn pickēd her a dāŷŷ. It soōn wilted and dīed. Then

"On the little dāŷŷ dēar  
Dōttŷ Dim plē drōppēd a tēar."

5. "Věry good; věry good in dēed! Now just one thing mōrē. Tell me what a drāgōn-fly is."

6. "It is a lārgē in sēet. It eats mosquitoes, but does no harm to childrēn. Some childrēn fēar drāgōn-flīes. They are věry foōlish. Some drāgōn-flīes fēar childrēn."

7. "You are a very bright girl. You have an swered nicely. Let me pin this medal on your dress. You may keep it a week."



## LESSON VIII

### The Friendly Bee



1. "Busy bee, busy bee,  
Where is your home?"  
"In truth, little maiden,  
I live in a comb."

2. Ethel Hart was the "little maiden." She was in her father's orchard.

3. It was Monday afternoon. Her lessons were all done. She was playing with her brother Arthur.

4. A bee went humming by. Arthur started to run, but Ethel thought she would talk to it. She was surprised at the bee's ready answer.

5. Arthur heard nothing but humming. That must have been because he was a fraid. \

6. Ēthēl was not distūrbēd by the beē. She did not worry lest it should hūrt her. That was how she cāme to hear the rĥyme.

7. "You are a wōnderful beē," she said. "You talk as well as I can with my tōngvūē. Whȳ do you flȳ so hēāvily?"

8. "I am lādēn with hōnēȳ," rēplīēd the beē. "I have been abōut amōng the flōwers in the pārk all day. This is my busy mōnth. We beēs make all our hōnēȳ in sūmmer. There is nōth-ing to make it of in winter."

9. "No," said Ēthēl, "the flōwers don't flōūrish out-sīdē then. We take some of them into the hōusē. They make our sittīng rōōm lōvēly. There is a lārgē hōnēȳ sūcklē in frōnt of our dōōr. Did you dīscōver it? It has a lōvēly eōl ōr and a dē līght ful ōdōōr."

10. "Yes, in dēēd," hūmmēd the beē. "The vīnē is



a vĕřý pretty one. It is a cômfort to have it so nĕar home. I like the vīnø that cōvers the dōvø cōtø, too. There is nōnø fīn er."

11. "Yes, and the hŭmmīng birds like it," said Ěthĕl. "I saw puss trŷing to eātch one there this mōrning. But the bird wōn the day. Puss had to look fŭrther for her brĕak fast."

12. "Well, I must lĕavø you," said the beø. "You are the frīst little girl I ever stōppĕd to talk to. I like you, but my work must be dōnø."

13. The beø wĕnt on his home wārd way. He never spōkø a wōrd to Ěthĕl again.

## LESSON IX

### Which Lōvĕd Mōthĕr Bĕst?

1. "I lōvø you, mōthĕr," said little Jōhn,  
Then for gettīng his work, his eāp wĕnt on,  
And he was øff to the garden swīng,  
Lĕāvīng his mōthĕr the wōd to brīng.

2. "I lōvø you, mōthĕr," said rōsŷ Nĕll,  
"I lōvø you bĕttĕr than tōngvø can tĕll."

Then she teased and pouted half the day,  
Till all were glad when she went to play.

3. "I love you, mother," said little Fan,  
"To-day I will help you all I can.  
How glad I am that school does not keep!"  
And she rocked the babe till it fell a sleep.
4. Then, stepping softly, she brought the broom,  
And swept the floor and tidied the room;  
Busy and happy all day was she,  
Helpful and happy as child could be.
5. "I love you, mother," again they said,  
Three little children all going to bed.  
How do you think that mother guessed  
Which of them really loved her best?



— Joy Allison.

## LESSON X

### Victor and the Sea Gull

oi

oy

Mrs.

1. "Hark! what is that noise?" asked Mrs. Majory,  
one warm after noon.



2. "Don't let it annoy you, mammä," said her daughter Hannä. "It is only Victör. You know what a voicē he has. He is rējoicing over the sāfē ārrivāl of his good ship Sēā Gūll." ✕



3. "He is věry boisterous," said the mother. "He ēnjoys nōthing so much as a noisē. So he has been sailing his toy ship, has he? He must have been down to Birch Point. I hōpē he has not tōrn his new jack ēt."

4. Just then Victor rushed in, shouting, "Hurra! hurra! the Sea Gull's arrived. None of her people are drowned. They have all come ashore well and happy. The ship sailed from France only seven days ago. She brought a heavy cargo."

5. "That was a short voyage," said Mrs. Majory, smiling. "But you are very noisy, my son. You should keep noisy play out of doors."

6. "Have I made your head ache, mamma?" asked Victor. "If I have, I am very sorry."

7. "No, not this time," replied his mother. "But now find a harbor for your ship and anchor her. I have some errands for you to do."

8. "I'm just the person to do errands," said Victor. "I never get nervous and for get what I am sent for. I don't loiter on the way. I don't buy oil for vinegar."

9. "What shall I get? Some turnips, some oysters, and a joint of mutton?"

10. "You had better stop praising your self," said his mother. "Then perhaps we shall find out what you can do."

11. "All right!" said Victor. "Wait till I furl the Sea Gull's sails and put her away. She went through

an aw̄ful stōrm, but it could not dēstroy her. Her sails are not ēven moistēnēd by the rāin.

12. "Now I'm rēādŷ, mammā," Victōr wēnt on, a mōmēt lāter. "The Sēa Ğull is sāfely ānēhōrēd in my toy chest. Do you want a lēg of mūtton to boil? Ōr shall I get a beefstēak to broil? May I rīdē my bīcŷclē to the stōrē?"

13. "No, my sōn, I'm afrāīd you'll have to go a fōōt. I dislike to spoil your fun, but ērrandŷ are work. You could not cārřŷ a bāskēt and rīdē your wheēl.

14. "Go to the fāncŷ goods stōrē first. Get me an ounce of wōrsted to mātch this sample. Then go to the butcher's. Ask him to send up the sirloin stēak I ōrdērēd this mōrn ing. Get a bōnē for your dog, Hēe tōr, too."

15. Victōr whisflēd to Hēe tōr, and they were off.

16. They wēnt to the fāncŷ goods stōrē for the wōrsted. The sample was ēāsily mātchēd.

17. Then they wēnt to the butcher's. Here, Victōr bōught the bōnē for his dog. It was a mūtton bōnē. He āskēd the butcher to send the stēak, too.

18. Hannāh had not finishēd sētting the tāblē when they rētūrned. Hēetōr had his bōnē in his mouth. He lookēd as proud as if he had been mārket ing all a lōnē.

## LESSON XI

## A Dialogue

(For two small boys.)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1. Ġuess what I have in my pöckēt. ✕</p> <p>2. I eán't ġuess. Tell me, wōn't you?</p> <p>3. No, you'll have to ġuess.</p> <p>4. Who ġāvē it to you?</p> <p>5. No one ġāvē it to me.</p> <p>6. Where did you báy it?</p> <p>7. I <u>didn't</u> báy it.</p> <p>8. Where did you get it?</p> <p>9. I found it.</p> <p>10. Is it a mār blø?</p> <p>11. No. Ġuess again.</p> <p>12. What eólōr is it?</p> <p>13. No eólōr at all.</p> <p>14. You'rø teāşing me.</p> <p>15. No; in dēød, I'm not.</p> | <p>16. Is it hārd or sōft?</p> <p>17. It is n't ē/ther.</p> <p>18. Is it good to eat?</p> <p>19. Not a bīt of it.</p> <p>20. What is it good for?</p> <p>21. It is n't good for any thing.</p> <p>22. I don't belļēvē you have any thing.</p> <p>23. Yes, I have, too.</p> <p>24. Will you give me hālf if I ġuess it?</p> <p>25. I eán't get it out of my pöckēt.</p> <p>26. I eán't ġuess it.</p> <p>27. Do you give it up?</p> <p>28. Yes. What is it?</p> <p>29. It's a hōlē.</p> |
|--|---|

## LESSON XII

The Clück ing Hën

1. "Will you not take a walk with me,  
My little wife, to-day?  
There's bärløŷ in the bärløŷ-fjæld,  
And hāy-seed in the hāy."
2. "Oh, thank you!" said the clück ing hën,  
"I've some thing else to do;  
I'm busy sitting on my eggs;  
I can not walk with you."
3. "Clück-clück, clück-clück, clück-clück, clück-clück,"  
Said the busy, clück ing hën;  
"My little chicks will soon be hatched;  
I'll think a bout it then." ✕
4. The clück ing hën sat on her nest;  
She māde it in the hāy;  
And warm and snūg be nēath her brēast,  
A dōzen white eggs lāy.

5. Crăck, crăck! crăck, crăck! wēnt all the eggs;  
Out eāme the chickēns small.  
“Clŭck-clŭck, clŭck-clŭck,” said the clŭck ing hēn;  
“I see I have you all.
6. “Come, come a lōng, my little chicks.  
I’ll take a wālk with you.”  
“Hōllō! Hōllō!” said the bār-n-dōr eōck,  
“Hō! Eōck-a-dōōdlō-do!”

— Äunt Effie’s Rhymes.

### LESSON XIII

#### The Wind and the Sun

ū	ēw	ure
---	----	-----

1 It was a wārm Tūēs day in Jūly. The Wind and the Sun fēll in to a dispūte.

2 “See that silly man,” crīed the Wind. “He has his eōat buttōned as if it were wīnter. Whŷ don’t you make him take it off?”

3. “Whŷ don’t you?” said the Sun.

4. “I will, if it will amŭse you,” said the Wind.

5. "I don't think you can," said the Sun. "But let me see you try."

6. So the Wind rūshēd down the āvenūē and gāvē the man a fīercē salūtē. The beāūtīful ēlm trēēs bēnt



be fōrē it. A fēw of them lōst a brānch or tṽō. But the man ōnly walkēd on fāst er.

7. The Wind blēw mōrē fūrīōusly than ever. It mādē wild mūsīc arōund the chūrch stēēplē. It blēw a eūpolā from the Jūdgē's hōusē.

8. A hūge tūlip trē stoōd fīrm agāinst the blāst. The mān toōk shēlter be hīnd its trūnk. He buttōned his eōāt tīghter a bout him. He stoōd clōse to the trē to avōid the wind.

9. "A wīnter sūit is ūse ful this wēath er," said he. "I must put my glōves on."

10. At this the Wind gāv up trī ng and with drew in a rāge.

11. "Stūpīd fēllōw!" he criēd. "He is as stūbbōrn as a mūlē. He rēfūses to do as I bīd him. One would think his clōthes were glūēd on."

12. "It is bētter to ēmploy gēntle meāns," said the Sun. "Hārsh ones sēldōm wīn. Let me shōw you how to get the eōāt ōff."

13. Then he pōurēd down his rāys up on fīeld and pāsture. They wārmēd the chillēd ēarth and mādē it fēel like sūmmer again.

14. The flowers smilēd up at the Sun in joy. The skī be cāmē blūē with dēlight.

15. "Dēār me!" criēd the mān. "It's as hōt as an ōven again."

16. Ōff cāmē his eōāt, his glōves, his vest, and ēven his eōllār.



## LESSON XIV

## Little Kittie

1. Once there was a little kittie,  
    White as the snow.  
In a bärn she used to frölic,  
    Löng, löng ago.
2. In that bärn a little mousie  
    Ran to and frō,  
When she heard the kittie coming,  
    Löng, löng ago.
3. Two black eyes had little kittie,  
    Black as a crōw,  
And they spied the little mousie,  
    Löng, löng ago. ✕
4. Four soft paws had little kittie,  
    Paws soft as dough,  
But they caught the little mousie,  
    Löng, löng ago.
5. Nine white teeth had little kittie,  
    All in a rōw,

And they bit the little mouſe,  
Lǒng, lǒng a go.

- e. When the teeth bit little mouſe,  
Mouſe cried "Oh!"  
But she got a way from kittie,  
Lǒng, lǒng a go.

— Little Pēople's Spēak er.



## LESSON XV

### The Little Red Hēn

1. A little red hēn found a grāin of wheat, and she said, "Who will plānt this wheat?"
2. The rat said, "I wōn't"; the cat said, "I wōn't"; and the pīg said, "I wōn't."
3. "I will, then," said the little red hēn, and she did.
4. When the wheat was rīp, she said, "Who will take this wheat to the mill, to be ground in to flour?"
5. The rat said, "I wōn't"; the cat said, "I wōn't"; and the pīg said, "I wōn't."
6. The little red hēn said, "I will, then," and she did.

7. When she eāmø bäck with the flour, she said, "Who will make this flour in to bread?"

8. The rat said, "I wōn't"; the eat said, "I wōn't"; and the pīg said, "I wōn't."

9. The little red hěn said, "I will, then," and she did.

10. When the bread was dōnø, the little red hěn said, "Who will eat this bread?"

11. The rat said, "I will"; the eat said, "I will"; and the pīg said, "I will."

12. The little red hěn said, "No, you wōn't, for I am going to do it my sēlf," and she did.



## LESSON XVI

### The Thrēø Bêars

âr	âir	êir	êar
----	-----	-----	-----

size
------

1. Little Silver-Hâir wēnt for a wālk one finø Jūnø day. The âir was wārm and the dēw was all gōnø. She strōnød in to the wōøds.

2. She felt vĕry hăppŷ. You could tell that by the eŭrŷous little tŭnŷ she săng.

3. She plŭcked the pretty hăre bĕlls un til she saw a rĕal livŷ hăre.

4. "Oh! hăres are seăre," said she. "I'll give this finŷ fĕllŷw a seăre."

5. She ran āfter him, but she could not eătch him. Silver-Hăir did not eăre. ✕

6. She now found her sĕlf in the dĕep, dĕep wŷddŷ. A eŭrŷous little housŷ stŷdd bĕfŷr her. She knŷcked at the dŷŷr. No bŷdŷ eămŷ. Then she wĕnt in. There was no one at home.

7. "This must be the dĭning rŷŷm," she said. "Brĕăkfăst is rĕădŷ and the pŷrrĭdgŷ is eŷŷling. I'll hĕlp my sĕlf."

8. Thrĕŷ bŷwlŷ of pŷrrĭdgŷ stŷdd on the tăblŷ.

9. Fĭrst there was a grĕăt hŷgŷ bŷwl of pŷrrĭdgŷ. Silver-Hăir tăst ed that, but it was too hŷt.

10. Then there was a mĭddlŷ-sĭzĕd bŷwl of pŷrrĭdgŷ. She tăst ed that, but it was too eŷld.

11. Then there was a little, smăll, wĕŷ bŷwl of pŷrrĭdgŷ. She tăst ed that, and it was jŷst rĭght. So she ate it all up.

12. When she had finished, she looked about her. She saw three chairs.

13. One was a great huge chair. She sat up on that, but it was too hard.

14. An other was a middle-sized chair. She sat up on that, but it was too soft.

15. The third was a little, small, wee chair. She sat up on that and found it just right. So she sat and sat until she broke the bottom out.

16. Then she went up-stairs, where she found three beds.

17. One was a great huge bed. She lay up on that, but it was too high.

18. Another was a middle-sized bed. She lay up on that, but it was too low.

19. The third was a little, small, wee bed. She lay up on that, and it was just right. So she lay there until she fell fast asleep.

20. While she was asleep, all the family came home. They had been out to walk while their porridge cooled. They were a family of bears.

21. One was a Great Huge Bear. Another was a Middle-sized Bear. These were the parents. The third,

thêir on ly child, was a Little, Small, Weê Bêar. Wherever they wênt they took him with them. -

22. "Some one has been tåsting my pörridge," shouted the Grêat Hûge Bêar in his grêat, hûge voicê.

23. "And some one has been tåsting my pörridge," said the Middlê-sized Bêar in her middlê-sized voicê.

24. "And some one has eatên my pörridge all up," cried the Little, Small, Weê Bêar in his little, small, wêê voicê.

25. Then they lookêd a bout for thêir châirs.

26. "Some one has been sitting in my châir," shouted the Grêat Hûge Bêar in his grêat hûge voicê.

27. "And some one has been sitting in mîne," said the Middlê-sized Bêar in her middlê-sized voicê.

28. "Some one has brökên the böttöm out of my châir," cried the Little, Small, Weê Bêar in his little, small, wêê voicê.

29. Then they wênt up-stâirs.

30. "Some one has lān in my bed," shouted the Grêat Hûge Bêar in his grêat hûge voicê.

31. "And some one has lān in my bed," said the Middlê-sized Bêar in her middlê-sized voicê.

32. "Some one is lȳing fāst a slēep in my bed," criēd the Little, Small, Weē Bēar in his little, small, weē voicē.



33. At that, Little Silver-Hāir a wōkē. At first she did not rēmēber where she was. Then she began to look a round.

When she saw the thrēē bēars, she sat up in bed. She stārēd at them, and they at her.

34. "This is no plācē for me," thōught she.

35. So she jūmpēd right through the windōw and rān off. The bēars were so āstonishēd that they just stōōd and lookēd. So Silver-Hāir gōt home sāfē.

## LESSON XVII

## Frōgs at School

1. Twēntŷ frōggies went to school  
Down beside a rūshŷ pool;  
Twēntŷ little coats of grēn,  
Twēntŷ vests all white and clēan.
2. "We must be in timē," said they;  
"First we stūdy, then we play;  
That is how we kēep the rulē  
When we frōggies go to school." X
3. Master Bull frōg, grāvē and stērn,  
Callēd the clāssēs in thēir tūrn;  
Taught them how to no blŷ strivē,  
Like wīsh how to lēap and divē;
4. From his seat up on the lōg,  
Shōwēd them how to sāy "Kēr-chōg!"  
Al so how to dōdgē a blōw  
From the sticks that bād boys thrōw. ••



5. Twēntŷ frōggles grēw up fast;  
 Bull frōgs they be cāme at lāst;  
 Not one dunce a mōng the lōt,  
 Not one lessōn they for gōt;

6. Pōlishēd in a hīgh dēgrē,  
 As each frōggie ōught to be.  
 Now they sit on other lōgs,  
 Teach ing other little frōgs.

— Gēorge Cōpper.

## LESSON XVIII

### The Māre's Jōke

laugh
-------

1. Bēss is our old grāy mārē. Let me tell you of the trick she playēd once. I think it will make you laugh. I laughēd hēartily when I first hēard of it.

2. Mother was sick, and Mārŷ had to go for the dōctōr. She sāddlēd old Bēss and rōdē her.

3. There were tŵo rōads thrōugh the wōd. Mārŷ tōok the rōad to the right.

4. She reached the dōetōr's house in sāfety. She left word for him to call. Then she started home.

5. On the way back, she took the other road. She stopped about half-way through the wood. She saw some ripe berries. She jumped down from the horse's back and began to eat the berries.

6. Bess grew tired of waiting. Soon she trotted off toward home. Māry called her, but she would not mind. She kicked up her heels as if laughing at Māry. Then she trotted on. Māry did not laugh. No, in deed! A walk of five miles is no laughing matter.

7. When the mare reached home alone, we were all frightened. We thought some thing dreadful had happened to Māry.

8. John jumped in to the saddle. "Which road did Māry take?" he asked.

9. Mother told him the road to the right. He took that road and hurried to the dōetōr's house.

10. He found that Māry had called and gone.

11. "She must have taken the other road home," he said. "I did not meet her on my way here."

12. So he took the other road, too. By and by he came to the berries.

13. "She must have stoppēd here," said he. "She never could have passēd thesē nice bērrīes. Then, no doubt, the mārē ran away from her." At this thōught he laughēd. "She is all right, and by this tīmē sārē at home. I will stōp and have some bērrīes, too."



14. He jumpēd down and be-  
gan to eat.

15. "Oh!" thōught Bēss, "so you like bērrīes, too! Well, I don't cārē for them. I think I'll go home."

16. So off she stārtd. She would not come bāck when Jōhn callēd her. He callēd and callēd.

17. Then he ran āfter her. But she ran fāster than he could.

18. At lāst he reachēd home, all out of brēāth. Mārŷ was at the gātē, laugh ing at him. Jōhn was crōss for a mōmēt. Then he laughēd, too, to think how stūpīd he had been.

## LESSON XIX

~~Over in the Měadow~~

over

1. Over in the mēadow,  
    Sitting in the sun,  
    You'll find a mother tōad  
    And her little tōad one.
2. "Jūmp!" says the mother.  
    "We jūmp!" says the one;  
    And they jūmp and are glād  
    In the bright, shīn ing sun.
3. Over in the mēadow,  
    Where the brook runs through,  
    You'll find a mother fish  
    And her little fish two.
4. "Swim!" says the mother.  
    "We swim!" sáy the two;  
    And they swim and are glād,  
    Thōugh thēir joys are but fēw.

5. Over in the mēādōw,  
In an old apple trēē,  
You'll find a mother bird  
And her little bird iēs thrēē.

6. "Sing!" says the mother.  
"We sing!" sáy the thrēē;  
And they sing and are glād  
In the old apple trēē.

7. Over in the mēādōw,  
On the grass ŷ flōr,  
You'll find a mother ēwē,  
With her little lambkins fōyr.

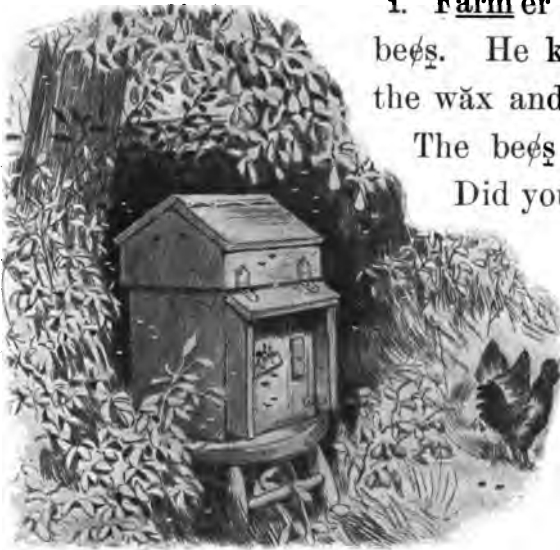
8. "Skip!" says the mother.  
"We skip!" sáy the fōyr;  
And they skip and are glād  
On the grēēn mēādōw flōr.

— Ōlvē A. Wadsworth.

## LESSON XX

## The Busy Bees

x	ex	ex
---	----	----



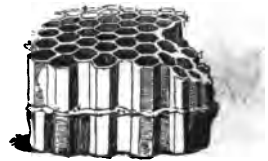
1. Farm er Hūxtōn ōwns many bees. He kēops the bees for the wāx and hōnēy they make.

The bees live in a bee hīve.

Did you ever see one?

2. The bee hīve is a wōōden bōx. It stands on a stool un der the pêar trêp. The bees go in and out through a hōlē.

3. They būild thêir hōnēy cōmō in sīdē. This is how it looks. We eall the hōlē çēlls. The walls of thēsē çēlls are mādē of wāx. You may ex am inē the picture.



Each çell, you see, is a hexagon. That is, it has six sides and six corners. The sides must be all of ex æt ly the sāmē lēngth. Hexagons may be lārgē or small. They are all a like in shāpē. Don't you think beēs are fāirīēs, to make thēsē çells so pěrfēet?

4. They fill the çells with hònēŷ. This is for thēir winter food. They make a grēāt dēal more than they nēed. Farm er Hūxtōn takes all they have to spārē and sells it.

5. Beēs are much ādmīrēd for thēir industry. They work as chēerfully as if work were play. They sēt an ex çellēnt ex am plē for boys and girls.



## LESSON XXI

### Poor Brother Fōx

1. It is not every one who works for a līving. Brother Fōx does not. He līvēs by thīēv ing. Farm er Hūxtōn rāisēs chickēns with a grēāt dēal of cārē. Brother Fōx hēlps him sēlf to them when ever he can do so.

2. He fēds his childrēn on stōlēn chickēn, too. That

is a bād way to bring them up. They lĕarn to think it thĕir dŭtŷ to stĕal. No one ever explāns right and wrōng to them. We can not ex pĕct them to be hōn est.

3. Stĕaling is not a sāfĕ thing to do ēith er. Brother Fōx will get in to trōūblĕ some day. Farmer Hŭxtōn has not caught him so fār, how-  
ever. He is vĕrŷ sōrĕly vexĕd a bout him.



4. Brother Fōx is slŷ and kĕeps out of all snāres. They sāy he is as shārp-ēyĕd as a lŷnx. Slŷ as he is, he will be caught some day. Then he will find that stĕaling is no laugh ing matter.

5. He has run off with six chickēns in twō wĕeks.



I don't think he will get a seventh. Shall I tell you why?

6. Farmer Hūxtōn has hūng a hammock in the bārn. He is going to slēep there a while. The next tīmē Brother Fōx āppēars will be the lāst.

7. The ōxen will hear a gun go ōff. Next mōrn ing they will see a dēād fōx.

8. Shall we take the pickax and dīg Brother Fōx a grāve? Shall we call the sextōn and have a finē fūneral?

9. Or shall we strip ōff Brother Fōx's skin and stūff it? We might do so and send it to the mūseūm.

10. Farewell, Brother Fōx!



## LESSON XXII

### Nēll's Let ter

1. Dēār Grandmā, I will try to writē

A vērŷ little let ter.

If I don't spēll the wōrds all right,

Why, next tīmē I'll do bētter.

2. I think I'll clōse my let ter now ;  
I've nōthing more to tell.  
Plēase an swer sōon and come to see  
Your lōv ing little Nēll.

3. "Well, that *is* a shōrt let ter!" criēd Grandmä,  
laugh ing. "It is nēar ly as shōrt as the stōry of Jack  
and Dōry."

4. "Who were Jack and Dōry, Grandmä?" said  
Willie. Willie was Nēll's little cōūs in. He was play-  
ing with his blōcks up on the floōr. He heard what  
Grandmä said a bout Nēll's let ter.

5. "No one ever found out who they were," said  
Grandmä.

6. "You said there was a stōry a bout them," said  
Willie. "Tell it to me, Grandmä."

7. "That wōn't take lōng," said Grandmä. "It is  
ōnly one of the Mōther Gōōse rhymes. Here it is in  
your picture bōōk. Come and point to the wōrds whilē  
I rēad it."

8. Willie ōfferēd his little fat hand to Grandmä. She  
tōld him to strāightēn out the in dex fingēr. She  
pointēd with it to each wōrd, as she rēad: —

"I'll tell you a stōry  
 A bout Jack and Dōry;  
 And now my stōry's be gun.  
 I'll tell you an other  
 Of Jack and his brother;  
 And now my stōry is dōnø."



## LESSON XXIII

### The New Mōon

1. Dēar mother, how pretty  
 The mōon looks to-night!  
 She was never so cunning be fōrø;  
 Her tẃø little hōrnø  
 Are so shārp and so bright,  
 I hōpø she'll not grōw any more.
2. If I were up there  
 With you and my frrends,  
 I'd rōck in it nice ly, you'd see;  
 I'd sit in the mīddlø  
 And hold by bōth ends;  
 Oh, what a bright crādlø 'twould be!

3. I would call to the stārs  
To kēep out of the way,  
Lest we should rōck over thēir tōps;  
And then I would rōck  
Till the dāwn of the day,  
And see where the pretty mōon goes.

4. And there we would stay  
In the bēāūtī ful skīes,  
And through the bright clouds we would rōam;  
We would see the sun sēt,  
And see the sun rīse,  
And on the next rāīnbōw come home.

— Eliza Follen.

---

## LESSON XXIV

### The Pied Piper

1. Do you like rat stōries, childrēn? Well, here is the mōst fāmōus one ever told.

2. Of cōūrsē you have heard of Hamelin! What! no? — nōr of the Pied Piper? Well, then, listen, all.

3. Hamelin was a town full of busy pēōplē. It was

full of rats, too. There were more rats than pēople. The pēople did not know what to do, the rats annoyed them so. They tried one thing after an other.

4. At last they wēnt to the Māyōr with thēir trōuble. But he could not hēlp them in the lēast.

5. Just then, the Piēd Pip er cāmē to town. He said he could charm the rats a way. He offerēd to do so for a thousānd gūilders. That was a grēāt dēāl of mōnēy. But the Māyōr prōmisēd him he shōūld have it.

6. Then he playēd up on his pīp. You shōūld have heard him! It sounded like scrāping trīp. It sounded like crūshing apples, to make cīder. It sounded like ōpēning pīcklē bārrel<sub>s</sub> and jēlly jārs. It sounded like drāwing cōrks. It sounded like brēāking the hōōps of but ter tūbs.

7. The rats lōvē all thēsē sounds dēārly. They all ran out, expēeting a fēast. They fōllōwēd the Piēd Pip er from strēēt to strēēt. You would have dōnē so your sēlvēs. Yes, you would, if you had been rats. No rat could stay at home that day.

8. But the Piēd Pip er trīckēd them bādly. He lēd them to the rīver and stōppēd there. They were runing so fāst, they could not stōp. In to the water they

plunged and were drowned. So the town was freed from rats.

9. Then the Pied Piper claimed his moncy. But the Mayor would not give it to him. Then what do you think he did? Brought the rats back to life? Oh, no! He did something far worse than that.

10. He played up on his pipe again. This time he played sweet music. It was sweeter than any music ever heard before. It seemed to tell the children beautiful stories. It told them of a lovely land near by. It promised them they should go there.

11. They heard it wherever they were. They came running out of their homes. They laughed and shouted with glee. They followed the Pied Piper from street to street.



12. He led them to the mountain. When they reached it, a way opened before them. They passed through the opening with the Pied Piper. All followed him but one child, who was lame.

13. The way closed up behind them. They were never seen again in Hamelin. Neither was the Pied Piper.



## LESSON XXV

### The Envious Squirrel

q

qu

1. Mr. Squirrel has a quicker little home. It is a hole in a pear tree. He lives very quietly with his wife and family.

2. The tree is in Farm Huxton's orchard. The squirrels spend most of their time in a wood near by. They have quite a number of friends there. They know the Quails and the Hare family. They are acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Land-Turtle. They never visit Mr. Owl, though they know where he lives. They

have often scampered up and down his tree. They have peeped in to his house.

3. "I wish Mr. Owl would move," said Mrs. Squirrel, one day. "The hole that he lives in would make a good home for us. He is a queer fellow. He lives all alone. He never receives any callers. He never goes to the Queen Bee's banquets. No one ever inquires about him. He sleeps all day. He cannot bear the glare of the sunlight. He must be very bashful. You could not coax him out if you tried. Why should such a fellow have a nicer home than we?"





4. "Don't be ěnvířus, my děar," said Mr. Squĩrrel.  
 "Our home is quĩt as good as his."

5. "We shoũd be sāfer in the fōrest," said Mrs. Squĩrrel. "When they gāther the fruit, I quāk with fēar. Every quĩver of our brānch makes me trēm blē. We ōught to find sāfer quārters. A squēal from one of our chĩdrēn mĩght rũ in us. Farmer Hũxtōn mĩght hēar it and come to look for us. Then he would put us in to a eāg for his boys. We shoũd never get out again."

6. The next day, Farmer Hũxtōn's sōn Rōbērt was in the wōđ. He clĩmbed the ōak trēē where Mr. Owl lĩved. He found the hōlē and pulled Mr. Owl out of it. He tōk him home and put him in to a eāg.

7. The hōlē in the ōak was ěmptỹ now. But Mrs. Squĩrrel dēcĩd ed not to mōvē in to it.

8. "I'll never be ěnvířus again," she said.

Would you take your brother's toy?

Then you are a sělf ish boy.

How would you, your sělf, ěnjoy

Having some one take yōur toy?

## LESSON XXVI

## The Wise Flies

1. A hungry spider made a web  
Of thread so very fine,  
Your tiny fingers scarce could feel  
The little slender line.  
Round a bout and round a bout,  
And round a bout it spun,  
Straight a cross, and back again,  
Until the web was done.
2. Oh, what a pretty shining web  
It was when it was done!  
The little flies all came to see  
It hanging in the sun.  
Round a bout and round a bout,  
And round a bout they danced,  
A cross the web, and back again,  
They darted and they glanced.
3. The hungry spider sat and watched  
The happy little flies;

It saw all round a bout its head,

It had so many eyes.

Round a bout and round a bout,

And round a bout they go,

A cross the web, and back again,

Now low, now high, now low.

4. "I'm hungry, very hungry,"

Said the spider to a fly.

"If you were caught with in the web

You very soon should die."

But round a bout and round a bout,

And round a bout once more,

A cross the web, and back again,

They flitted as be fore.

5. For all the flies were much too wise

To venture near the spider;

They flapped their little wings, and flew

In circles ever wid er.

Round a bout and round a bout,

And round a bout went they,

A cross the web, and back again,

And then they flew a way.

—Aunt Effie's Rhymes.

## LESSON XXVII

## An Evening at Home

Z



1. It was late one October evening, after a wet day. The sea breeze had brought rain and drizzle. Supper was over and the family were enjoying themselves together.

2. Little Flăxën-Hâir, as grandpă callēd her, was vëry busy. She was making zīg zăg fēncēs on the dīn ing tā blē. For rails she ūsēd măřchēs.

3. Măx sat at the other sīdē of the tā blē. He was wřiting an exērçisē for sēhool. He had a quill pēn. He hăd mădē it out of one of Hěn Pěn's tail fēathērs. He likes quill pēns bēcăŭsē they are sōft and wřitē smōōth ly.

4. Mammă sat nēār by, sēw ing. She was making a quilt for Flăxën-Hâir's cřīb.

5. Jāmēs was mēnd ing the ăxlē of his ex prēs cărt.

6. Jōnas was working out a pūzzlē in his stōry păpēr. He was working hărd. He ex pēcted to wīn a prīzē by sōlv ing it.

7. A finē wōōd firē blăzēd on the hēārth. Dexter sat nēār it with his new bīrth day bōōk. He was look ing at pictures of zēbrās and grīzzly bēars and grēāt līzărdș.

8. Grandpă Quilp sat dōz ing in his ēășy chăir. Some tīmēs he would wăkē up and găzē a w hīlē in to the firē. Still his ēyēs would rēmăīn hălf clōsēd. The flāmēs sēemēd to dăzzlē them.

9. Vīxën, the blăck eat, sat bē fōrē the firē. Fūzz,

her gray kitten, lay a sleep beside her. Zip, the poodle, lay at the other end of the rug. His muzzle was put a way for the winter.

10. Lizzie was squeezing grapes to make a pleasant drink.

11. "Vixen is catching cold," said Lizzie to her mother. "She has sneezed three times."

12. "Yes," said her mother, "it is a chilly evening. But Vixen's fur coat should keep her warm."

13. "I think it will freeze before morning," said James. "This drizzle will turn to sleet. By sunrise, every thing will be frozen over."

14. "Oh, no!" said Dexter. "It is too early in the season for that. Wait until after Thanksgiving for your slippery side walks."

15. "At any rate, we won't worry about it," said Lizzie. "The mercury is n't down to zero."

16. "Don't eat that lozenge, Dexter," she went on. "Your grape juice won't taste sweet after it."

17. As she spoke, she handed grandpa a glass of grape juice.

18. "What sort of mixture is this?" asked grandpa, in his whispery voice. "I see it's a liquid. What do

you chärge for it? I don't bel<sup>j</sup>ēvø I'vø a sīxpençø a bout me."

19. Grandpā ch<sup>u</sup>cklød over his òwn jøkø and fēlt in his pöckēts. He mādø bel<sup>j</sup>ēvø he was look ing for a sīxpençø.

20. "Oh, that's òn ly an ex eūse, grandpā," laughød Lizziø. "You'll have to pāy for your grāpø juīçø. But you can pāy with a stōry. It must be a lōng one, too."

21. Then Lizziø brōught hāzøl nūts, rāisīns, and eākø. The childrēn gāth erød a round grandpā with thēir plates. When all was quīet, he told them the fōllōw-  
ing stōry:—(See Pärt II.)

END OF PART I







PICTURE FOR A STORY.

# SECOND READER

## PART II

### LESSON I

Āmā the Sun Fāirȳ

(A Jāpanēšē Stōrȳ)

ocean	stranger
-------	----------

Jāpan is the nāmē of a cōuntry. It is many thousand mīlēš frōm here. Some of its pēōplē come here to līvē. They are callēd Jāpanēšē.

The Jāpanēšē make many pretty things. They make pretty stōrȳēš too. Mōst of the pretty things they sēll. Our pēōplē buy many of them. The pretty stōrȳēš they tell to thēir childrēn. This is one of them. I trust you will like it.

1. Once the sun fāirȳ, Āmā, hīd in a cāvē.
2. She was a frāīd of her brother Susā. Susā līvēd in the ocean. He mādē a grēat noīšē with his billōwš.

His winds howled and his waves roared fiercely in storms.



3. Sometimes the waves tried to leap to the sun.  
 Ämä was afraid her light would be put out. )

4. When she hid in the cave she put the light out herself. The sun could not shine without her. The moon

could not shīnē with out the sun. The stārs were too fār ōff to give much light.

5. Sūsā was sōrry when he saw the dārknēss. His fishēs pīnēd for the day light.

6. He callēd to Āmā, but she would not come out. He had mādē her a frāid of him.

7. At lāst he brougħt an arm of the sēā in land. He blew a sōft brēēzē over it. The water ripplēd lightly under his brēāth.

8. It brokē in to hāppȳ little wāvēlets. They lāppēd the rōcks at the mōuth of the cāvē. They laughēd joyful ly.

9. When Āmā heard them, she pēēpēd out.

10. Sūsā hēld a mīrrōr befōrē her fācē. She had never seen her fācē in a glāss befōrē. She thōught she saw an other lōvēly fāirȳ.

11. Sūsā spōkē to her in sōft tōnēs. He kēpt out of her sight, behīnd the rōck. She thōught it was the bēāūtīfūl stranger spēāk ing.

12. "I am from the mōōn," said the voīcē. "I have come to bēg you to come out. We want you to shīnē again in the sun. We can not do with out you any lōngēr."

13. While the voice was speaking Ämă listened. She cāmp out fūrther and fūrther.

14. At lāst Sușă flūng his arms about her. He whiskēd her ōff to her home in the sun.

15. "Stay there, like a good sister," he said. "I will be a good brother to you. I will not frighten you any more. Do stay at home, now, and shīnē for us all."

16. So Ämă has stayēd at home ever since. She shīnēs for us all day. At night she shīnēs for the little Chīnēsē chīdrēn. It is then thēir day. While we have day, they have night.

## LESSON II

### Grandmă's Ängēl

1. Mammă said, "Little one, go and see  
If Grandmă's ready to come to tēp."  
I knew I must not disturb her, so  
I steppēd quītē light ly a lōng, tip tōē,  
And stoōd a mōmēt to take a pēēp;  
And there was Grandmă, fāst a slēēp!

2. I knew it was time for her to wake.  
I thought I'd give her a little shake,  
Or tap at her dor, or soft lyeall,  
But I hadn't the heart for that at all;  
She looked so sweet and quiet there,  
Lying back in her high arm chair,  
With her dear white hair and a little smile  
That means she is loving you all the while.

3. I didn't make a speck of noise;  
I knew she was dreaming of little boys  
And girls who lived with her long a go,  
And then went to heaven, — she told me so.

4. I crept up close and didn't speak  
One word, but I gave her, on her check,  
The softest bit of a little kiss,  
Just in a whiisper, and then said this:  
“Grandma, dear, it's time for tea.”

She opened her eyes and looked at me,  
And said, “Why, pet, I've just now dreamed  
Of a little angel who came and seemed  
To kiss me lovingly on my check.”

I never told her 't was only me ;  
I took her hand, and we wēnt to tēa.

— Sidney Dâre.

### LESSON III

Lǒng, Lǒng A go

y	ĩ
---	---



1. It is a warm August day. The cattle are grazing in the pasture. The bees buzz by on their gauzy wings. A light haze is over every thing.

2. Daniël sits on the steps reading his new

book. It is a history of the United States.

3. Daniël is a big boy and likes such books. He wishes to learn all a bout his countrȳ.

4. He is reading now a bout the Spaniards. Their home is beyond the sea. It is in a countrȳ called Spain.

5. Hundreds of years ago, our countrȳ belonged to the Indians. Many Spaniards came here in their ships. They fought the Indians and seized their land.

6. The Spaniards had horses and guns. The Indians had never seen either. Neither had they ever seen white men.

7. When they saw a white man on a horse, they stared at him. They thought man and horse were one animal,

8. The guns frightened them. They were a mazed and anxious. Yet they fought bravely, with their bows and arrows. But the Spaniards quickly conquered them.

9. After the Spaniards, other white people came. They took more land from the Indians. Now there are millions and millions of white people in this countrȳ. They own nearly all the land. Only a small part of it is left to the Indians.



10. Our pārt of the cōuntry is cāllēd the Ūnited States. Some tīmes we cāll it "our glōrīous Ūñion." Do you know the sōng, "The Ūñion, the Ūñion for ever"?

#### LESSON IV

Hāng up the Bābŷ's Stöck ing

sure

1. Hāng up the bābŷ's stöck ing.  
Be sure you don't for get.  
The dēār little dīmplēd dārīng  
Has never sēen Chrīstmas yēt.
2. But I tōld him all a bōut it,  
And he ōpenēd his bīg, blūē ēyēs;  
I am sure he under stōōd it,  
He lookēd so funnŷ and wīse.
3. Äh, what a tīnŷ stöck ing!  
It doesn't take much to hōld  
Such little tōēs as bābŷ's,  
Sāfē from the frōst and cōld.

4. But then, for the bābŷ's ~~Ch~~ristmas,  
It never will do at all ;  
For Santa Claus wouldn't be look ing  
For any thing hālf so small.
5. I know what will do for bābŷ ;  
I've ~~th~~ought of a first rate plan :  
I'll bōrrōw a stōck ing from grandmä,  
The lōngest that ever I can.
6. And you shall hāŋg it up, mother,  
Right here in the corner — so ;  
And write a letter for bābŷ,  
And fāsten it on the tōe.
7. “ Old Santa Claus, this is a stōck ing  
Hūŋg up for our bābŷ dēar.  
You never have seen the därling ;  
He has not been with us a yēar.
8. “ But he is a bēautiful bābŷ !  
And now, be fōre you go,  
Please cram this stōck ing with play things  
From the tōp of it down to the tōe.”  
— The Little ~~C~~ōrporal.

## LESSON V

What?

Washington

(NOTE.—Before this lesson is read, the teacher should tell the story of Washington and his hatchet.)

1. If all the trēēs were chērry trēēs,

And every little boy

Should have, like yōung Geōrge Washington,

A hāchēt for his toy,

And ūse it in a way un wīse,

What should we do for chērry pīēs?

2. “We shouldn’t have manȳ,” laughēd Rīchȳ, as he finīshēd rēāding this rhȳmē. “I be lȳvē there are more boys in the wōrld than chērry trēēs. If each boy were to kill one chērry trēē — what then? Whȳ, there wōuldn’t be any lēft.”

3. “Chērrīēs ean’t grōw on apple trēēs. They must have chērry trēēs to grōw on. So we should have no chērrīēs.”

4. “Chērry pīēs ean’t be mādē out of watermēlōns.”

They must have chērriēs in them. So we shōuldn't have any chērry pīēs."

5. "Gēōrgē Washington, you were a good boy. I wish all boys were like you. But it wasn't good to kill the chērry trēē. I am glād all boys don't kill chērry trēēs."

6. "I wōnder if we are going to have chērry pīē for supper. I'll go and ask Sūsan. If we are, I must lēarn this rhymē by hēart. I'll rēcītē it at supper timē. I'll sāy it is a riddlē. Then I'll make every bōdy tr̄y to gūēs it."

---

## LESSON VI

### Little Birdiē

1. What does little birdiē say,  
In her nest at pēēp of day?  
"Let me fl̄y," says little birdiē,  
"Mōther, let me fl̄y a way."
2. "Birdiē, rest a little lōnger,  
Till the little wings are strōnger."  
So she rests a little lōnger;  
Then she fl̄ies a way.

3. What does little bābŷ say,  
 In her bed at pēp of day?  
Bābŷ says, like little birdiē,  
 "Let me rīē and flŷ a way."
4. "Bābŷ, slēp a little lōnger,  
 Till the little limbs are strōnger.  
 If she slēps a little lōnger,  
Bābŷ, too, shall flŷ a way."

— Ālfred Tēnnŷon.

## LESSON VII

### The Hūngry Fowls

a

1. Such a crazŷ squall ing of gēēse and quäck ing of  
dūcks! The fowls have come up from the  
swamp lōt.

2. Warrenisfēd- ing them. See how  
 that little yēllōw dūck waddlēs!  
Even the swan forgets to be grācē ful. They  
 are all so hūngry.

3. They have wandered free all day. Now they will settle to sleep in the poultry yard.

4. No one had to find them and drive them home. They knew the time though they carried no watches. Even the youngest knew it was feeding time. They were all sure of it.



5. They knew the way home, too. They came up past the graveyard and the walnut grove. They came through the squash lot down yonder. They stopped by the onion patch. They passed the pig, wallowing in his muddy pen.

6. They did not quarrel at all on the way home. But now see them squabble over the corn and meal! It's my opinion they are very greedy fowls.

7. Polite fowls would never be so noisy over their food.

## LESSON VIII

## The Bābēs in the Wōd

1. My dēār, you must know,  
That a good whilē a go,  
There were tȳ little chīdrēn,  
Whosē nāmēs I don't know,  
Who were taken a way,  
On a bright autūm day,  
And lōst in a wōd,  
As I've heard pēōplē say.
2. Now when it was night,  
Věry sād was thēir plight;  
The stārs did not shīnē,  
And the mōōn hīd her light.  
Then they sōbbēd and they sighēd,  
And sād ly they criēd,  
And the pōōr little things  
At lāst lāy down and diēd.
3. Tȳ rōbīn<sub>s</sub> so red,  
When they saw them līē dēād,  
Brought bēech and oāk lēāv<sub>s</sub>,

And over them sprēad.  
 And all the day lōng,  
 The branchēs a mōng,  
 They sāng to them sōftly;  
 And this was thêir sōng:—

4. "Pōōr bābēs in the wōōd!  
 Pōōr bābēs in the wōōd!  
 Oh! who'll come to find  
 The pōōr bābēs in the wōōd?"



## LESSON IX

Who?

e

1. Who cāme to Lūcŷ Grey's house last night?
2. Whŷ, Santa Clāus, of cōūrsē! Any one cōūld gŷēss that.
3. How did he come from his home in the frōzēn nōrth?
4. In his sleīgh, with its frēīght of toys.



5. Who brought him over the house-tops?
6. His reindeer, of course. Only they could do that.



7. What did he bring Lucy Grey?

8. A game of croquet; a bouquet of hot house flowers; some skeins of bright colored silk, and a dear little black spaniel.

9. Is not that too much for one little girl?

10. Yes, but Lucy will not keep all these things. She will give some of them to her little neighbor, Alice Peyton.

11. What has Santa Claus brought mamma?

12. A scalloped break fast cape; a quire of note paper.

a lēath er wā l et ; a pr et ty gr ey v e il ; a n ew wā fl ē ir on,  
and a b e ā ū t i f ul br ō n z ē cl o c k.

13. Whom does Santa Claus lō v ē ?
14. Childrēn that ō b e y thēir p ā r ē n t s.

## LESSON X

### The T w o Little K i t t e n s

1. T w o little k i t t e n s, one st ō r m y n i g h t,  
B e g a n to q u a r r ē l, and then to f i g h t ;  
One had a m o u s e, the other had n o n e,  
And that's the way the q u a r r ē l b e g u n.
2. " I' l l have that m o u s e," said the b i g g e r e a t.  
" Y o u' l l have that m o u s e? we' l l see a b o u t t h a t !"  
" I w i l l have that m o u s e," said the ē l d e r s ō n.  
" Y o u s h ā' n' t have the m o u s e," said the l i t t l e o n e.
3. I t o l d you b e f ō r e ' t w a s a st ō r m y n i g h t,  
When th ē s e t w o little k i t t e n s b e g a n t o f i g h t ;  
The old w ō m a n s ē i z e d her s w e e p i n g b r ō o m,  
And sw ē p t the t w o k i t t e n s r i g h t out of the d o o r.

4. The ground was covered with frost and snow,  
 And the two little kittens had no where to go;  
 So they laid them down on the mat at the door,  
While the old woman finished sweeping the floor.
5. Then they crept in again, quiet as mice,  
 All wet with snow, and as cold as ice,  
 For they found it was better, that stormy night,  
 To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.



## LESSON XI

### My Nēphēw, Philip

ph	gh
----	----



1. This is my dear little nēphēw. He is an orphan;  
 that is, he has no pārēnts. He  
 has come to live with us. His  
 nāme is Philip.
2. There is a picture of Philip's  
mother on the tāble. She has  
 been dēad two yēars. Her little son loved her

dearly. He never disobeyed her. He is trying to copy the picture.

3. He is too young to draw very well. He can not cipher at all. He has never been at school.

4. He is ill now with whooping eough. He must keep out of draughts. He must not play roughly.

5. The phaeton is at the door. The pony wants to be off. Just hear him neigh! He jerks the reins and pass the ground.

6. Philip can not go to ride to-day. He is not well enough. The pony will have to go back to his stall.

7. The nurse is bringing Philip some nice whey to drink.

ci	ce	si	se	ti
----	----	----	----	----

(Pronounced sh)

8. Philip says the whey is delicious. He thanks the nurse graciously. He is a very good boy. The physician says he will soon be well.

9. He calls Daniel his "best relation." He likes the stories Daniel tells him. He likes the pictures Daniel shows him.

10. Some of them are pictures of Indians. Daniël tells him how the Indians once owned our country. He likes to hear about those ancient days. He likes to hear how the Indians used wampum for money. He likes to see pictures of the wigwams they lived in. He likes to hear of the Spaniards who came across the ocean.

11. There are other pictures in Daniël's big book. Some are pictures of ferocious animals. Philip has permission to look at them all. It is a precious book.

12. It is vacation now. Daniël can be with his sick cousin a good deal. The boys have much affection for each other.

13. Some times Philip coughs very hard. He has to turn from his pictures then. That is vexatious, but Philip keeps his temper. He is a patient little fellow.

---

Here I stand both day and night,  
 To tell the hours with all my might.  
 So then, ex am ple take by me,  
 And serve the right as I serve theo.

## LESSON XII

## Selling the Bābŷ

1. Rōbbi's sold the bābŷ!  
    Sold her out and out!  
    And I'll have to tell you  
    How it cāme a bout.
2. When on New Yēar's mōrn ing  
    Rōbbi's ōpen ing ēyēs  
    Spīed the brand new bābŷ,  
    What a glād surprīse!
3. All the tīme he waſchēd her,  
    Searcely cāred to play,  
    Lest the prēcious bābŷ  
    Should be snāſchēd a way.
4. Now he's gōne and sold her!  
    For to-day he ran  
    And announcēd to māmā,  
    " Yes, I've found a man!

5. "Here's the man'll buŷ her;  
Get her wědŷ, krick!"  
With an âir of business  
Brandish ing a stick.

6. "Sold *my* bābŷ, Rōbbŷ?"  
Māmma sād ly said;  
Rōbbŷ, quīt dēçid ed,  
Bōbbēd his little hēd.

7. "Well, if this man buŷs her,  
What will he give you?"  
"Oh, tŵ nice bīg horses,  
And fivē pēnniēs, too!"

8. "What's the good of bābiēs?  
Ōn ly squēal and sewēam;  
I can go horse-bäck'n  
When I get my tēam."

9. But when quīt night cāmē,  
Rōbbŷ's prāyērs were said,  
And he lookēd at Bābŷ  
In her little bed.

10. And he said, when Bābŷ  
Smiléd in some sweēt drēam,  
“She’s wūrf fôrtŷ horses,  
’Stēad of just a tēam!”

11. Bābŷ’s weŷ pīnk fīngers  
Round his ōwn he eūrléd;  
“She’s wūrf all the horses  
In dis whōlē bīg wōrld!”

—•••••—

## LESSON XIII

### Mother Gōōsŷ

1. “Who was Mother Gōōsŷ, Äunt Rāchēl?”

2. “She was a dēār, old lādŷ who livéd lōng a go.  
She livéd in Bōstōn. Her fāmīly kēpt a little stōrē.  
A mōng other things they had candŷ for sālē. Of  
cōūrsē many childrēn cāmē to the stōrē.

3. “Mother Gōōsŷ ūsēd to sīt out on the sīdē wālk.  
Fīnē wēāthēr al ways found her there, with the childrēn.  
She lōvéd them, and they lōvéd her.

4. “She could make rhŷmēs as fāst as she could tāk.



The childrēn loved to hear them. She had to tell them over and over again.

5. "How many tīmes Jack and Jil fell down that



hill! How many tīmes the dish ran off with the spoon! How many tīmes little Jack Hörner ate that sāmē plūm!

6. "The childrēn used to lēarn the rhymes by hēart. They heard them so many tīmes. They would go home and say them to the bābīes. Then the bābīes would laugh.

So would the bīg brothers and sisters. So would the fāthers and mothers.

7. "Every bōdý cāmē to know a bout Mother Gōose and her rhymes. At lāst the stōre kēep er had them printed. They have been printed over and over

again. Now-a-days, they are in more children's books than ever.

8. "I haven't told you what ~~street~~ Mother Goose lived in. I am sure you will think it had a nice name. It was called Pudding Lane."

---

## LESSON XIV

### Naughty Patty

1. Little Patty Popgun  
Never'd stay in bed.  
Mother'd hear her footsteps  
Pit-pat over head.
2. Last night, naughty Patty  
Caught her little toes.  
Down she fell, and oh! oh!  
Bumped her little nose.
3. Up they came, and found her  
Crying on the floor;  
And to-day her head aches,  
And her nose is sore.

4. Were I Pattȳ Pöpgun,  
 I shoŭld stay in bed.  
 I shoŭld do at all tīmes  
 What my mother said.  
 — Babȳ-land.

## LESSON XV

### The Grateful Mouſe

minute	nostrils
--------	----------

1 Once a lion lāy a slēep at the mouth of his dēn.  
 A little woḍd-mouſe was smēlling a bout a mōng the  
lēaves. She thōught  
 the lion's paw was  
 a roḍt.



2. She ran up  
 one of his tōes.  
 There she playeḍ  
 a bout on the grēat  
foḍt for a minute or two. Then she smēlt his nōse.  
 She wanted to see if that was a roḍt, too.

3. She was a bout to go into one of his nostrils. She thought she would build her a nest in there. But she felt the lion's breath going in and out. It was like a great wind to her. She wondered where the draught came from. She had never felt such a warm breeze before.

4. "I will find out a bout this," said the mouse. "I will do a little nibbling just here." But her nibbling tickled the lion's nose, and he woke.

5. When he opened his great eyes, the mouse stood still. She could not move for fright. Then he opened his great mouth. She ran right in to it! She was too frightened to know what she was doing.

6. The lion closed his mouth. The mouse was perched upon the middle of his tongue. His great teeth never came near her. But she was pretty well squeezed.

7. The tongue pressed lightly against the roof of the mouth. After a minute or two, it moved. The lion was tasting her, to see what she was.

8. "Why, it's a mouse!" he said to himself. "What a silly little mouse it must be!"

9. He was a bout to swallow her, but he did not.

He changed his mind. He pitied the poor, foolish little thing.

10. "A wood-mouse is no meal for me," he said. "It would take a hundred mice to make me a dinner. She loves her little life as well as I do mine. I will let her go."

11. He opened his great mouth. The mouse jumped out and ran off. She did not even stop to say "Thank you." She was too frighted. <

12. But she was a grate ful little mouse, for all that. She did not forget how the lion had be haved to her.

13. This lion was not so good to sheep. In deed, he was a very wicked fellow to them.

14. He said he liked the sheep. He said he loved the lamps. But he loved to eat them. This gave him a bad name a mong the farmers.

15. One day, some men spread a strong net for him. They thought they would cach him this way. Then they could shoot him and sell his skin.

16. Sure enough, the lion was caught in the net. He could not get free. He roared and struggled in vain.

17. The men heard him roar ing. They ran with their guns in to the wood.

18. But the mouse heard him rōaring, too. Small as she was, she ran to sāve him. She nībbled through every cōrd that hēld him.

19. Her work was dōne just in tīme. He ran ōff as the mēn cāme in sight. He did not stōp to say "Thānk you," ēither.

20. But he was glād he had spāred that mouse.



## LESSON XVI

### The Flȳ

1. Bābŷ By,

Here's a flȳ;

Let us wāch him, you and I.

How he crawls

Up the walls!

Yēt he never falls.

I be lĕv, with six such lĕgs,

You and I could wālk on eggs.

There he goēs

On his tōēs,

Tickling bābŷ's nosē.

2. Spots of red,

Dot his head,

Rainbows on his back are spread.

That small speck

Is his neck;

See him nod and beck.

I can show you, if you choose,

Where to look to find his shoes —

Three small pairs,

Made of hairs;

These he always wears.

3. Black and brown

Is his gown;

He can wear it up side down.

It is laced

Round his waist;

I admire his taste.

Yet, though tight his clothes are made,

He will lose them, I'm a fraud,

If to-night

He gets sight

Of the can do light.

4. In the sun

Wēbſ are spun;  
What if he gets in to one?  
When it rāiņſ,  
He eōmplāiņſ  
On the windōw pānēs.  
~~Tōngvēs~~ to talk have you and I;  
Gōd has gīven the little flȳ  
No such things;  
So he sīngs  
With his būzzīng wings.

## 5. He can eat

Bread and meat:  
There's a mouth be tweēn his fēēt.  
On his bāck  
Is a sāk,  
Like a peddlēr's pāk.  
Does the bābȳ understand?  
Then the flȳ shall kiss her hand.  
Put a crūmþ  
On her thūmþ;  
May be he will come.



6. Cătch him? No!

Let him go;

Never hūrt an in sēet so.

But, no doubt,

He flies out

Just to gād a bout.

Now you see his wings of silk

Dräbblēd in the bābŷ's milk.

Fīē! oh, fīē!

Fōōl ish flŷ!

How will he get drŷ?

7. All wet flies

Twist thēir thighs;

Then they wīpē thēir hēads and ēŷēs.

Cats, you know,

Wash just so;

Then thēir whiskers grōw.

Flies have hāir too shōrt to cōmē!

So they flŷ bārēhēad ed home;

But the gnat

Wēars a hat;

Do you laugh at that?

a. Flies can see  
More than we.  
So, how bright their eyes must be!  
Little fly,  
Open your eye;  
Spiders are near by!  
For a secret I can tell;  
Spiders never treat flies well.  
Then a way!  
Do not stay;  
Little fly, good-day!



## LESSON XVII

## Fred's Birth day

February	American
----------	----------

1. Fred Butler was born on the twenty-second of February. He was very proud of his birth day. Can you guess why?

2. Of course you can! Every American child knows about George Washington. Fred's birth day fell on Washington's birth day.

3. Fred's school had a fine large American flag. This was always hung out on the twenty-second of February. Fred used to say it was done to keep his birth day.



4. The boys would laugh at this. They knew that Fred was only joking. Then some one would ask: "How about the pieces we speak? Are they for you too?"

5. Fred would shake his head and laugh and run away.

6. A picture of Washington hung in the school room. Every twenty-second of February this was crowned. The children brought laurel branches to school.

A wreath was made for a crown. This was hung over the head of Washington. One child hung the wreath while the others sang. The song was about "Crowning Washington."

7. Fred was never absent on the twenty-second of February. He said he wanted to be like Washington.

8. This was not easy. He knew that Washington

was a vĕrĕ brăvĕ boy. Nôthing could tĕmpt him to tell a lĭĕ.

9. Some tĭmĕs Fred did little things he was a shămĕd of. Then he would have likĕd to say "I didn't!" But he allways thôught of Washington and told the truth.

10. Fred's notĕs to Săntă Clăys were much a like. He allways ăskĕd for something to play soldĭers with. Some tĭmĕs it was a sŵord or a gun. Some tĭmĕs it was a drŭm or a soldĭer căp. Once he ăskĕd for a hĕbbŷ horse. This was becausĕ he knew Washington likĕd to play soldĭers.

11. When his mother callĕd him from his play, he allways ran right in. "That is what Washington would have dĕnĕ," he thôught. "And that is what I shall do."



## LESSON XVIII

### The New Hăchĕt

1. Geôrge Washington was much like other boys.
2. He had a bĭrth day ever ŷ yĕăr. His frĭends găvĕ him bĭrth day prĕsĕnts. One yĕăr his făther găvĕ him a new hăchĕt.



3. He went out to look for something to chop. He might have found his mother's wood pile. He did not think of that.

4. He wandered out in to the orchard. There were some young cherry trees there. It was winter. The young leaves

had not yet come out. The trees looked brown and dead.

5. George knew they were only sleeping. But he did not stop to think of that. He tried his hatchet on the first one he came to.

6. He chopped and chopped. His hatchet was sharp. He thought, "What fine work this is!" But it was death to the tree.

7. The next day, Mr. Washington went in to his ôrchârd. He wanted to see if there were any sîgns of spring. He looked to see how the yôung três were getting on. There was one of the finest, chôpped to dêath.

8. Mr. Washington was vêry ângry. He walked in to the house and âsked, "Who killed that chêrry trê?"

9. "Why," thôught Gêorge, "that must be the trê I chôpped. I did not mean to kill it. What is to be dône? I can not bring it to lîfe again. Fâther will be vêry ângry with me. He will punish me, of côurse. But I must tell the truth."

10. So he stôod up brâvely. "I did it, fâther," he said, "with my little hâ/chêt."

11. His fâther thôught the hâ/chêt might have been ûsed in some bêtter way. But he was proud of his brâve, truth-telling boy.

12. "Come to my arms, my son!" he cried. "I would râther lose a thousand chêrry três, than have you tell one lîe."

13. Ônly noble boys grôw to be noble men. Would the boys who rêad this stôry be such men? Then let them, like Washington, fêarlessly stand for the truth.

## LESSON XIX

## The Wasp and the Bee

A Fable



1 A Wasp mēt a Bēē that was  
just būzzing by,

And he said, "Little eōūs'n, can you tell me wh̄y  
You are lōvēd so much bēttē by pēōplē than I?

2 "My bāck shīnēs as bright and as yēllōw as gold,  
And my shāpē is mōst ēlēgānt, too, to bē hōld;  
Yet no bōdŷ likes me for that, I am tōld."

3. "Ah, frīend," said the Bēē, "it is all vērŷ trūē,  
And wēre I but hālf as much mischīēf to do,  
Then pēōplē wōld lōvē me no bēttē than you.

- 4 "You have a fine shape, and a delicate wing;  
You are perfectly handsome, but then there's one  
thing  
They can never put up with, and that is your sting.
- 5 "My coat is quite home ly and plain, as you see,  
Yet no body ever is angry with me,  
Because I'm a useful and in no cent Bee."

---

## LESSON XX

### Un lucky Patsey

measured	diamond
----------	---------

1. Patsey didn't mean to be naughty. She was only  
very little. She got into mischief through know ing no  
better.
2. One day she had a big sea shell in her hand.  
The shell had a pretty, pink lining. The edge of the  
shell curved out ward.
3. Mamma kept the shell for its beauty. Its place  
was on the mantel piece. Patsey had taken it down to  
hear it sing.



4. She held it to her ear and enjoyed the music. Then she tapped on the window pane with it. This made a very different sound from the singing. Patsy liked to hear it.



5. The dog came in to the garden and barked at the shell. This was great fun for Patsy as well as for him. She knocked on the window pane harder and harder. The dog barked louder and louder. He jumped at the window, but could not reach it.

6. At last Patsy knocked so hard that she broke the glass. Then she was sorry.

7. "I didn't know it would break," she said. The tears rolled down her cheeks.

8. When papa came home, he said he would mend the window. He took the sash out and laid it on the floor. He took out the pieces of the broken pane and all the old dry putty. He measured the place to which a new pane must be fitted.

9. Then he brought a large piece of glass. He had a tool to cut it with. The tool had a diamond in it.

Diamonds are hărd er than glăss. They will scrătch it dēp ly.

10. Papă mărķēd ōff a plēç of glăss the right sizē and shāpē. He did this with the diamond, making a dēp scrătch.

11. Then he cārēful ly brōkē out the new pānē of glăss. It brōkē a lōng the scrătchēs. He trīed it in the săsh. It fittēd ex āet ly.

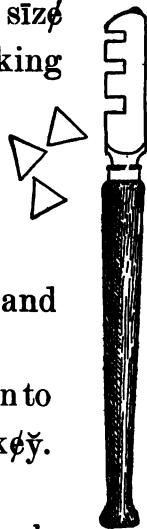
12. Next he fāstēnēd it in with sōft pŭttŷ and shărp bīts of mētāl.

13. Just as he finishēd, Patsēŷ cāmē trōtting in to the rōom. She had lēft him to get him a eōķēŷ. She had a nice frēsh one in hēr hand.

14. "Here, papă," she criēd. "You work . pretty hărd. I have brōught you something to eat. Don't you think I'm nice?"

15. She trōtted tōw ārd papă, holding out the eōķēŷ. There lāŷ the săsh. Papă did not think she would stēp on it, so he said nōth ing. But Patsēŷ kñew no bētter.

16. On she cāmē till — Crăsh! — her little fōt wēnt thrōugh a pānē of glăss. It was the vērŷ pānē papă had just put in!



## LESSON XXI

The Snow bird's Song

occasion



1. The ground was all covered with snow, one day,  
And two little sisters were busy at play;  
A snow bird was sitting close by on a tree,  
And merrily singing his chick-a-dē-dē.
2. He had not been singing that tune v<sup>ě</sup>ry l<sup>o</sup>ng,  
When Emily heard him, so loud was his song.  
“Oh, sister, look out of the window!” said she,  
“Here’s a dear little bird, singing chick-a-dē-dē.”

3. "Poor fellow! he walks in the snow and the sleet,  
And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet.  
I wonder what makes him so full of his glee,  
And why he keeps singing his chick-a-dē-dē."
4. "If I were a bare footed snow bird, I know,  
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow.  
I pity him so! oh, how cold he must be!  
And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-dē-dē."
5. "Oh, mother, do get him some stockings and shoes,  
And a nice little frock, and a hat let him choose.  
I wish he'd come in to the parlour, and see  
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-dē-dē!"
6. The bird had flown down for some sweet crumbs  
of bread,  
And heard every word little Emily said.  
"How funny I'd look in that costume!" thought he,  
And he laughed as he warbled his chick-a-dē-dē."
7. "I am grateful," said he, "for the wish you  
express,  
But I have no occasion for such a fine dress."

I'd rāth er rēmāīn with my little limbs frē,   
 Than to hōb blē a bout sing ing chick-a-dē-dē.

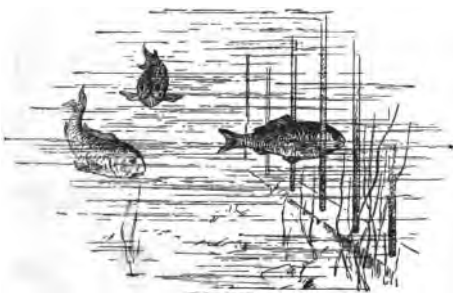
- a. "There is One, my dēar chīld, thōugh I can not  
tell who,  
Has clōthed me alrēādy, and wārm ēnough, too.  
Good mōrn ing! Oh, who are so hāppȳ as we?"  
And a way he flēw, sing ing his chick-a-dē-dē.



## LESSON XXII

### The Thrē Gold fish

1. Thrē gold fish līvəd vērȳ hāppȳly in a pond.  
The pond belōngəd to a good man who lōvəd the  
little fish. Its water flōwəd  
througħ an īrōn gatē in to  
the bīg lākē.



2. The man oftēn sat  
up on the shōrē of the pond  
and tākəd to the fish. He  
al ways said the sāmē thing.

It was, "Don't go througħ the īrōn gatē, little fish.  
And don't swim nēar the tōp of the water."

3. But the little fish did not understand the man's talk. So he took another way to teach them. He waited on the bank beyond the big gate. When the fish came near, he made a great splash with a big stick in the lake water out side.

4. Of course, the fish were frightened and swam away. But when he was not there, they often came near the gate and looked through. They wondered what was in the big lake and wanted to go out and see.

5. At other times the man would watch from the shore of the pond. When the fish swam near the surface, he would splash with the stick. This frightened them so that they swam below and stayed there a long time. This pleased the man.

6. But when the man was not there, they would often come to the top. They wanted to see what was going on in the air above them. Some times they would even jump out of the water.

7. One of the three fish did not go so near the top as the others. She did not go so near the gate either. "I am sure our master does not want us to," she said. "And he must have some wise reason for his wish."

8. "Oh, that's all nonsensē!" cried the others. "We know as well as he where fish should swim."

9. So one of them swam one day through the gate in to the lake. There a big fish swallowed him. He never came back to his friends in the pond.

10. The other fish that said, "Oh nonsensē!" came to a bad end, too. He swam to the top one day, just as a fish hawk was flying over the pond. The hawk picked him up in her strong talons and carried him off to her nest. He became food for the little hawks and never saw his native pond again.

The third fish stayed below. Neither hawk nor big fish ever caught her. But she was very lonely without the other two. So they brought sorrow to her as well as death to themselves.

### The Golden Rule

To do to others as I would  
That they should do to me,  
Will make me honest, kind, and good,  
As children ought to be.

## LESSON XXIII

## The Fröǵ and the Mousǵ

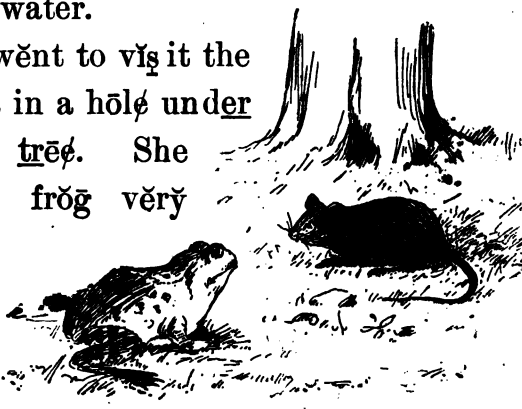
1. A fröǵ and a wǵǵd mǵusǵ be cǵmǵ fast frǵends. The mǵusǵ had al ways livǵd on land. The fröǵ could livǵ on land or in the water.

2. The fröǵ öftǵn wǛnt to vǵs it the mǵusǵ. Her home wǵs in a hǵǵ under the rǵǵts of an öǵk trǛ. She al ways grǛetǵd the fröǵ vǛry pǵlitǵly.

3. When he cǵmǵ, she would say, "How do you do, Mr. Fröǵ?

I am vǛry glǵd to see you." Then she would sǛt the tǵblǵ and invǛtǵ him to hǛǵp him sǛǵf. When he wǛnt a way, she would say, "Good by, dǛar Mr. Fröǵ! I am sǛrrǵy you must go so sǛǵn. Come again be fǛrǵ lǛng."

4. One day, the fröǵ invǛtǵd her to his home. He said he would shǛw her all the beǵutǵful things that are under the water.





5. "But I am not a very good swimmer," said the mouse. "I was made to live on land."

6. "Oh, that doesn't matter," said the frog. "I'll tie your foot to mine with this strong grass. Then I can drag you through the water quite easily." So

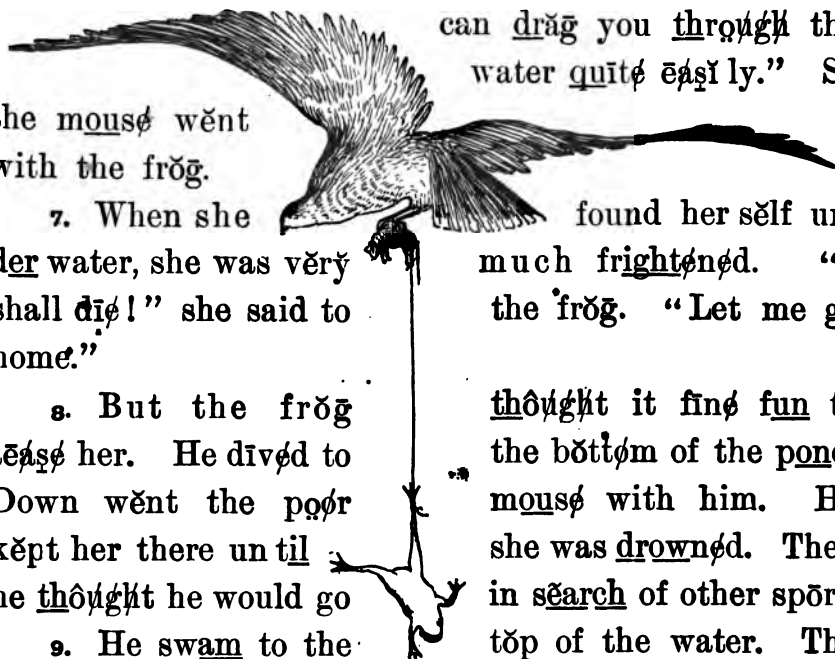
the mouse went with the frog.

7. When she under water, she was very shall die!" she said to home."

8. But the frog tease her. He dived to Down went the poor kept her there until he thought he would go

9. He swam to the mouse, being lighter than the water, floated on the surface near him.

10. Down came a fish hawk out of the sky above. The frog dived to escape her. But she caught the mouse in her talons.



11. Off she flew to her nest, think ing, "Here is a nice meal for my little ones."

12. And it was better than she thought. Fast to the dead mouse was the live frog. He, too, had to go to feed the little hawks.

— Aesop.



## LESSON XXIV

### The Stār

1. Twinkle, twinkle, little stār;  
How I wonder what you are!  
Up a bove the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.
2. When the blaz ing sun is gone,  
When he noth ing shines up on,  
Then you show your little light,  
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.
3. Then the travel er in the dark  
Thanks you for your tiny spark;  
He could not see which way to go  
If you did not twinkle so.

4. In the dārk blū skȳ you kēep,  
 Yet ōftēn thrōugh my wīndōw pēep;  
 For you never shūt your ēyē  
Till the sun is in the skȳ.

5. As your bright but tīnȳ spārk  
Lights the trāveler in the dārk,  
Thōugh I know not what you are,  
Twīnkle, twīnkle, little stār!

— Jānē Taylōr.

## LESSON XXV

Who Be cāmē King?

(Told in Irēland, and al so by some tribēs of Indiāns.)

1. One day, the birds all cāmē to gēth er to choōsē  
 a king.



2. The ēaglē was a strōng bird.  
 He lovēd sweet sounds.

3. "Let the fīn est sing er be king,"  
 he said.

4. But the canāry was frightēnēd at this. She knew

that she would be asked to sing. She did not mind singing at home in her  cage. Here, among so many, she was too bashful.

5. She was a bout to hide a way, when the sparrow spoke up. He was a very conceited bird. He said, "Let the best fighter be king." He thought that would be him self.



6. But Cock Rob in said, "No, indeed! We don't want a quarrel some king. We want a king that will keep the peace. Let the wisest bird be king."



7. Now, the owl is the wisest of birds. Every one who knows anything at all, knows that.

8. But the owl was too wise to want to be king. He thought he would rather stay at home. He wanted time to be quiet and think.

9. "Let the one who can fly the highest be king."

10. It was the hen who said this. She can fly scarcely at all, her self. So, of course, she admires the birds of the sky.



11. The owl said, "That was a very sensible remark. We want a king that can rise above us all."

12. So it was a grēd and the rācē be gan.



13. First, all the birds flocked up on the ground. Then the duck said, "Quack, quack, quack!" That meant, "One, two, three!"

14. As the duck said three, up they all flew. Each flew as high as he could.

15. The duck's "fly" was only a jump. The turkey could not do much better. The hen reached the top of the fence and stayed there. She said she only tried for fun.

16. Soon the eanary came down again. She was used to a eage. She had not learned to fly very well.



17. The sparrow knew all a bout housetops. He did not know much a bout the sky. When he found him self up so high, he grew dizzy. He was glad to come down again.



18. The owl stayed in his oak tree. He knew the others would never miss him. He did not wish to be king. Be side, the sun hurt his eyes.

19. The r**ö**b in and the bl**ü**e bird k**ë**pt on. S**ö**on they g**r**ew t**ir**ed too. They r**e**t**ü**rn**e**d to w**ä**it be l**ö**w.

20. The l**ä**rk and the ë**ä**gl**e** s**ö**ar**e**d h**i**gh**e**r and h**i**gh**e**r. At l**ä**st the l**ä**rk w**ë**nt out of s**i**gh**t**. But she could s**t**ill be heard s**i**ng s**w**e**e**tly.



21. The ë**ä**gl**e** was a much l**ä**rg**e**r bird. He could be seen, th**ö**ugh he was h**i**gh**e**r than the l**ä**rk.

22. By and by the l**ä**rk's s**ö**ng g**r**ew l**ö**ud er. She was coming down. P**r**ë**s**ently she e**ä**m**e**d in s**i**gh**t** again. S**ö**on she had r**e**ach**e**d the tr**e**ës be l**ö**w.



23. The other birds were w**ä**it**i**ng n**ë**ar. Önly the ë**ä**gl**e** could be s**e**en a b**ö**v**e**.

24. "T**ö**-wh**i**t, t**ö**-wh**ö**!" e**ä**ll**e**d the öwl from his tr**e**ë. "W**h**ere is J**ë**nn**i**e W**r**ën?" He was the önly bird that could c**ö**unt. That was how he e**ä**m**e**d to m**i**ss J**ë**nn**i**e. No one k**n**ew where she was.

25. J**ü**st then, the ë**ä**gl**e** was heard to e**ä**ll out. He fl**ä**pp**e**d his wings and g**ä**v**e**d a l**ö**ud c**r**y. The other birds all l**i**st**e**n**e**d.



26. "I am k**i**ng of the birds!" said he. "I f**l**ew the h**i**gh**e**st!"

27. But a trick had been played. It was done before the race began.

28. Jennie Wren had jumped up on the eagle's back. She is a very little bird. The eagle's feathers are quite stiff. He never felt her weight. He did not know she was there. None of the other birds noticed her.



29. She had never been up in the sky before. Do you think she enjoyed her ride?

30. When the eagle stopped going up, what do you think she did? She hopped two feet above him in the sky. So now she cried out, "No, you are not king! I flew the highest! Do you not see me here above you?"

31. "You naughty little cheat!" cried the eagle. "I'll punish you well for that!" Then he slapped her with his great wing. But he brought her safely down again.

32. Ever since that, the wren's tail has stuck straight up. Her flying doesn't amount to much, either. She can go no higher than a lilac bush.

33. Who, do you think, became king of the birds?

## LESSON XXVI

## Rāy's Pūzzlè

## experiment

1. "Oh mammä!" cried Rāy, running in from school one day. "I saw the funniest thing in Mōrgan's class room to-day!"

2. "How did you happen to be in Mōrgan's class room to-day?" asked mammä.

3. "Why, our class was dismissed at two o'clock," said Rāy. "I didn't want to come home. I thought I'd rather see what the big boys did for lessons. So I asked Mōrgan's teacher to let me sit with him.

4. "She said I might, but that I must not talk. So Mōrgan moved up and let me sit on half of his seat. He gave me paper to draw pictures on. But I wanted to listen.

5. "When I couldn't understand what the boys





were rēcītīng, I lookēd abōut the rōōm. There were some pretty things on the walls and shēlvēs. There were some ōdd things, too. But the ōdd est of all was an ēgg in a bōttlē.”

6. “An ēgg in a bōttlē?” āskēd mammā.

7. “Yes, mammā, and the nēck of the bōttlē was no lārg er than that.” Rāy mādē a rīng with his fīngers to shōw the sīzē. “How do you think the ēgg gōt in there with out brēak īng the shēll, mammā? It was a whōlē ēgg — not a frīēd one.”

8. Mammā smīlēd. “Must an ēgg be frīēd to be brōkēn?” she āskēd.

9. “No, mammā,” an swērēd Rāy. “But how do you think they gōt that ēgg in to that bōttlē?”

10. “I am sure I do not know,” said mammā. “Here comes Mōrgan. Pērhaps he could have tōld you. But you ran ōff and lēft him.”

11. “It’s ēāsī ēnōugh,” said Mōrgan, when Rāy āskēd him. “I can do it mī sēlf. All I nēēd is a frēsh ēgg and hālf a eup ful of vīnēgār.”

12. “What does the vīnēgār do to the ēgg?” āskēd Rāy.

13. “It eats a way the shēll and lēāvēs ōn ly skīn,” rēplīēd Mōrgan. “Then you can squēzē it in to a

böttlø like the one you saw. But you have to do it cāre fully, not to būrst the skin."

14. Rāy wanted to trȳ the experiment. His mother gāvø him hālf a eup ful of vinēgār and a frēsh ēgg. He put the ēgg in to the vinēgār and lēft it there.

15. The next day the lōwer pārt of the shell was eatēn a way. But the tōp had rēmāinēd drȳ, and was still hārd and brittlø.

16. Rāy rōllēd the ēgg over, and put a wēight on it. That was to kēep it down. He wanted all of the shell to be in the vinēgār.

17. Two days lāter, Rāy had a finø pūzzlø to shōw the boys. It was an ēgg in a nārrow-neckēdöttlø. No one could explān it but the boys in Mōrgan's clāss.

---

## LESSON XXVII

### Thōught ful Clārēncø

1. A pōør old lādȳ stōød on a strēet eørner in New Yōrk Cīty. She wanted to crōss, but was a frāīd to.

2. Many cārriāgēs and wāgōns were pāssing bōth ways. Some of the horses were trōtting quītø fāst.

3. But wōrsē than the horses were the ēlēctric cārs. They frightēnēd the old lādý with thēir noisē a lōnē. The mēn on the cārs rānġ thēir bēlls. They rānġ them loud ly all the tīmē. This was to let the pēōplē know that they were coming. The pēōplē, hēar ing the bēlls, would look and kēēp out of the way. Thūs they ēscāpēd being run over.

4. The ēlēctric cārs wēnt vērý fāst and there al ways seemēd to be one pāssing. Once in a whilē there was rōōm betwēēn them to get a crōss. Then a cārriāġē or āūtōmōbilē would be sure to come betwēēn.

5. The old lādý was quītē timīd. Evēēn if the āūtōmōbilēs were not vērý clōsē, she was a frāīd of them. She could not mōvē vērý quick ly.

6. "Brōād way is no plācē for slōw pēōplē," she said to her sēlf. Just then, she saw a new dānger āpprōāch-ing. It was a crowd of sehōōl boys on thēir way home.

7. "Oh dēār!" ex clāīmēd the old lādý, "what shall I do now? The horses kēēp to the rōād way, but rōūgh boys knōck āġāīnst one wherever she is. Here they come. They will jōstlē me ōff the sīdēwālk. I shall fall undēr the horses' hōōfs and the āūtōmōbilēs."

a. But one boy cāme tōwārd her a hēād of the others.

He lookēd at her with a bright, frīendly smīlē. "Are you wāītīng to get a crōss?" he āskēd.

9. "Yes, dēār," she rēplīēd. "But there are so many horses, and I can not wālk vērŷ fāst."

10. "Look out, fēllōws!" crīēd Clārēncē, for that was the boy's nāmē. The other boys were coming up with a thōught less rūsh. One of them was running bāckwārd. Nōnē of them seemēd to be lookīng a hēād vērŷ cārēful ly.

11. Clārēncē was a frāīd they would do the old lādŷ some harm. "This is some fēllōw's mōther," he said. "Be cārēful of her."

12. Not one of the boys would have wanted to see rudēness shōwn to his ōwn mōther. So they all chēckēd thēīr spēēd and some of thēīr cāps cāmē ōff.



13. Then Clarence and a still larger boy took the old lady across the street. One walked on each side of her. They watched their chance to pass between the electric cars. They warned back the drivers of horses with their hands.

14. The other boys followed close behind. It would have been hard for harm to come to an old lady so well guarded. And no harm came to this one. She got over safely at last.



## LESSON XXVIII

### How to Get Breakfast

1. Said the first little chick,  
With a queer little squirm,  
"I wish I could find  
A fat little worm!"
2. Said the next little chick,  
With an odd little shrug,  
"I wish I could find  
A fat little bug!"

3. Said the third little chick,  
With a shrill little squeal,  
“I wish I could find  
Some nice yellow meal!”
4. Said the fourth little chick,  
With a small sigh of grief,  
“I wish I could find  
A little green leaf!”
5. “See here!” called the hen,  
From the green garden patch,  
“If you want any breakfast,  
Just come here and scratch!”



## LESSON XXIX

### Whittington and His Cat

#### Part I

1. Dick Whittington was a poor boy. His parents were both dead. He had not a friend in the world. But he was strong and willing to work.

2. He had heard of a grēāt cīty callēd Lōndōn. He thōught he could surely find work there. So he tīēd all his things in a bundlē and startēd off.

3. He trūdgēd on, day āfter day. At lāst he grēw vērŷ tīrēd, for Lōndōn was a lōng way off. Befōrē he gōt there, he had spēnt his lāst pēnnŷ.

4. He sat resting on a pīlē of stōnēs. A man with a wāgōn drōvē by. "Will you rīdē with me?" said the man. "You look tīrēd. Jūmp in."

5. So Dick Whittingtōn rōdē the rest of the way.

6. When he reachēd the cīty, he could do nōthīng but look ābōut him. He wālkēd up and down the strēēts. He lookēd in to the shōp windōws with dēlight. Being a cōuntrŷ boy, he had never sēēn such sights befōrē. He did not know what tō do in such a noisŷ plācē.

7. Āfter a whīlē it grēw dārk. He sat down on the stēps of a lārgē hōusē. He sōōn fēll fāst a slēēp. The ōwnēr of the hōusē found him there. "Wāke up, my boy," said he. "What are you doing here, a slēēp on my stōōp?"

8. Dick tōld him how pōōr he was. The man gāvē him some work to do in his hōusē. He had to run

errands, to bring coal and wood, to clean the silver, and to help the cook.

9. But his troubles were not over. The cook was a cross woman. She scolded him, no matter how well he did. Some times, she even whipped him.

10. He had to sleep in the garret. The rats and mice ran a bout there all night. A kind woman, hearing this, gave him a cat. Whittington and his cat soon be came fast friends.

11. As time went on, the cook grew more and more cruel to him. At last, he took his cat and bundle and went away. He thought he would leave London.



## LESSON XXX

### Whittington and His Cat

#### Part II

1. Just outside the city, Dick sat down to rest. While he waited, the church bells began to ring. They seemed to say, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London."



2. Now, the Lôrð Māyôr is not ex\_ăet ly a king. But he is a vĕry grĕat man. Dick thōught to be Lôrð



Māyôr of Lônðon wôuld be a fĭnĕ thing. So he wĕnt băck to his măster's hōusĕ.

3. As he wălkĕd, he still listĕnĕd to the bĕlls. They still răng out, "Tŭrn agăin, Whitĭngtĕn, Lôrð Māyôr of Lônðon!"

4. "I am only a poor boy," thought Whittington.  
"How can I ever become Lord Mayor of London?"

5. Dick's master was a merchant. He sent many things to Africa in great ships. There they were sold and the money was brought home to him.

6. A fine ship was just ready to sail. All the servants were sending things on it for sale. When it came to Dick, he had nothing but his eat. So he sent that. When she was gone, he had a good cry. He felt that he had lost his best friend.

7. Dick was very lonely with out his eat. But at last some good news came. There were many rats and mice in Africa. They swarmed even in the royal palace. The king could not eat his dinner in peace for them. So he bought the eat for a great deal of money.

8. The money was brought safely to Dick. He was no longer a poor boy. His master took care of his money for him. He bought ships with it to go to Africa. He bought things to put on the ships for sale.

9. Dick gave up his work now, and went to school. He studied hard and became a very wise man. When he grew up, he married his master's daughter.

10. His ships kept taking goods to Africa. They

always brought back more money than the goods cost. In time, Dick became a very rich man.

11. And every time the church bells rang they seemed to sing the old song. It was always, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London!"

12. At last, what the bells said came true. Dick Whittington became Lord Mayor of London.

## LESSON XXXI

### The Spider and the Fly

prettiest

1. "Will you walk in to my parlor?" said the Spider to the Fly;

"Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.

The way in to my parlor is up a winding stair,  
And I have many curious things to show you when you're there."

"Oh, no, no!" said the little Fly; "to ask me is in vain;

For who goes up your wind ing stair can ne'er come down again."

2. "I'm sure you must be wearȳ, dēar, with soar ing up so high;

Will you rest up on my so fā?" said the Spīder to the Fly.

"There are pretty eūrtains drawn a round; the sheets are fine and thin,

And if you like to rest a while, I'll snūgly tūck you in."

"Oh, no, no!" said the little Fly; "for I've often heard it said,

They never, never, wāke again who slēep up on your bed."

3. Said the cūnning Spīder to the Fly: "Dēar frīend, what can I do

To shōw the wārm affēctiōn I have al ways fēlt for you?

I have with in my pantrȳ good stōre of all that's nice; I'm sure you're vērȳ wēl come. Will you plēase to take a slice?"

"Oh, no, no!" said the little Fly; "kind sir, that can not be,  
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see."

4. "Sweet creature," said the Spider, "you're witty and you're wise;  
How handsome are your gauzy wings! how brilliant are your eyes!  
I have a little look ing-glass up on my parlör shelf,  
If you'll stëp in one mōmënt, dëar, you shall be hold your sël f."  
"I thänk you, gëntlë sir," she said, "for what you're plëasèd to say,  
And bidding you good-mōrning, now, I'll call another day."

— Jānë Tāylör.

## LESSON XXXII

### The Town Mūsīcīāns

#### Pärt I

1. A pōōr old dōnkēy could cārry no more pācks. He wōndēred what he shōuld do for a līving. He

thought he would go to Brēmen and ēarn his bread as a mūsīcīan. He had still a věřy fīnē voīcē.

2. On his way he mēt a dog, who was al so old and wōrn out. The dog lookēd věřy sōrrōw ful. He said his māster was going to kill him be~~cau~~se he was of no more ūse.



3. "Come with me and be a mūsīcīan," said the dōnkēy. "That is bētter than being killēd."



4. The dog thōught so too, so he wēnt with the dōnkēy.

5. They sōon mēt a eat who lookēd sād and fōrlōrn. They askēd her what was the matter.

6. "This eōllār is in my way," said the eat. "The bēlls frightēn a way the rats and mīcē. I can cātch nōth ing to eat, and I am nēarly stārved."

7. "Let us hear you sīng," said the dōnkēy.

8. The eat yowlēd him a tūnē and he was satisfīēd.



9. "Come with us," he said, "and you shall make your fortune. We are going to Bremen to earn our living as musicians."

10. The eat liked the idea and joined the band.

11. On they went till they saw a rooster perched up on a fence. He was crowing about every five seeonds.



12. "Why do you make so much noise?" said the donkey.

13. "I have not long to live," replied the rooster. "I want to make all the noise I have time for. The cook is going to put me in to a Christmas pie."

14. "Come with us," said the three musicians. "There are better things than being baked in a pie. We are going to make our fortunes in Bremen as town musicians. You can sing as well as any of us. We will make a place in the band for you."

15. So the rooster jumped down from the fence and went a long, too.

## LESSON XXXIII

## The Town Musicians

## Part II

1. As night came on, they found shelter in a wood. Seeing a light, they went toward it. They wanted something to eat.

2. The light streamed from a robber's cave. Looking in, they saw a table spread with good things.

3. "There is a good supper for us," said the donkey. "But how shall we manage to get it?" Then they talked the matter over, and agreed upon a plan.

4. The donkey put his forefeet on the window sill. The dog stood on the donkey's back and the cat on the dog's. The rooster perched up on the cat's head. Then they all sang as loud as they could.

5. The donkey brayed and the dog barked. The cat yowled and shook her bells. The rooster crowed with all his might. The robbers had never heard such a din before. They were frightened almost out of their wits. They thought all the police men in town were coming after them with guns and drums. They ran



pěll mēll from the cāvē. They never stōppēd un tīl they cāmē to the other sīdē of the wōōds.

6. The town mūścīāns now wēnt in to the cāvē and hēlpēd them sēlvēs to a good supper. Then they prēpāred to spend the night there. The dōnkēy lāy at full lēngth in the yārd. The dog eūrlēd him sēlf up be hīnd the dōōr. The eat found a eōzŷ eōrner by the firē. The roōst er pērchēd on a beam nēār the roōf.

7. A bout mīdnight, one rōbber cāmē stēāling bāck. He did not bē līvēē it was pōlīcēmēn, āfter all, that hād mādē the noīšē. The firē was out and all was quīēt. He crēpt in to the cāvē and lookēd a bout him.

8. He saw the shīning ēyēs of the eat. He hēld a mātch tōwārd them, to see if he could light it. But Pusē flēw at him and scrātchēd his fācē.

9. He tūrnēd to run from the cāvē. The dog sprāng from be hīnd the dōōr and bīt his lēg. Out sīdē he stūmblēd over the dōnkēy, who kīckēd him for his pāīns. Then the roōst er crīēd, "Cōck-a-dōōdlē-do!"

10. The rōbber ran as fāst as he could to his mātēs. "There is a hōrrīd old wītch in the cāvē," said he. "She flēw at me and trīēd to scrātch my ēyēs out. Then a pōlīcēmān stābbēd me from be hīnd the dōōr.

Another, in the yard, struck me with his club. And, on the roof sat a judge who cried, 'Crack his noddle, too!'"

11. The robbers never went near the cave again. They remained on the other side of the wood. The musicians made the cave their home. They worked in town during the winter, earning money with their music.

12. In the spring they bought a store of food and went to the cave. There they stayed all summer long.

## LESSON XXXIV

### The Sleeping Beauty

#### Part I

women

1. Once upon a time, there was a beautiful baby princess. To keep her birth day, her father, the king, gave a great feast. He invited nearly everybody, but there were not places at the table for all. So, a few had to be left out.

2. There were thirteen wise women in the kingdom. They could all give fair gifts. Twelve of them were

invited to the feast. The thirteenth came without being invited. She came late, however, and did not stay long.



3. The twelve wise women all blessed the baby. They gave her goodness, beauty, and other fine gifts. Before the twelfth had finished, in stride the one who had not been invited.

4. She said, "When the prince is fifteen years of age, she shall wound her finger with a spindle and fall down dead."

5. Having said this, the angry wise woman strode out again.

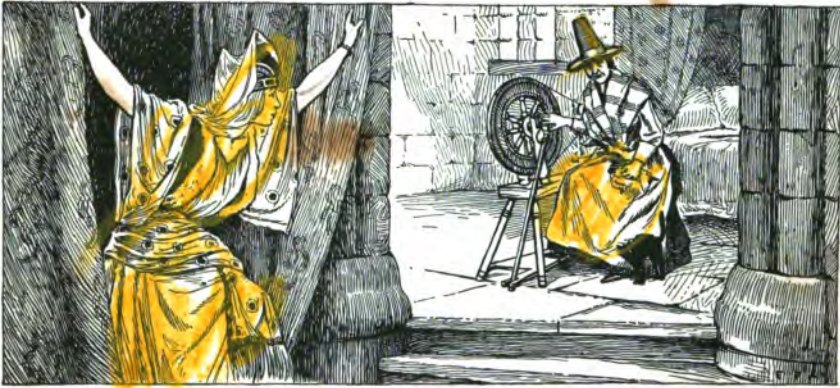
6. The twelfth wise woman tried to think what she could do to save the life of the princess.

7. At last she said, "Death is only a kind of sleep. The princess shall sleep a hundred years. Then a prince shall awaken her with a kiss."

8. This was almost as bad for the poor parents.

They could not expect to live until the hundred years should end. But it was all that the twelfth wise woman could think of at the time. The rest had all spoken, and they could say no more.

9. The princess grew up a bonny lass, beloved by every body. As her fifteenth year drew near, the king ordered all spin dles to be destroyed. Thinking there was not one left, he rode out one day with the queen. They left the princess at home alone.



10. "I am fifteen years old," said the princess, when they were gone. "Yet I have never seen all of this great castle. I'll explore it, to keep myself busy."

11. She wandered over the castle until she came to the oldest tower of all. This had a winding stair,

which she climbed to the top. There she found an old woman spinning flax.

12. "Let me see your work," she said to the old woman. But the moment she touched the spindle, she pricked her finger with it. Then she fell up on a bed near by, as if dead.

13. The twelfth wise woman had been thinking, thinking, all these fifteen years. She had at last contrived a way by which the princess need not be parted from her parents. She wanted them to be with her when she a work.

14. When the princess fell a sleep, there fore, every one else in the castle fell a sleep, too. The king and queen had come home and ascended their thrones. There they slept as soundly as if they had been in bed.

15. The cook dropped the frying pan and, leaning against the mantel, fell a sleep, too. No living thing about the palace could keep a wake. Even the dogs slept in their kennels and the horses in their stalls and the doves up on the roof.

16. And all around the castle there grew up a hedge of thorns so thick that no one could make his way through it.

## LESSON XXXV

## The Sleeping Beauty

## Part II

1. The years passed on and brave young pri~~n~~ces grew up in the neigh~~b~~or~~h~~ood. All heard of the sleeping Pri~~n~~cess and many tried to force their way through the hedge of thorns. But the thorns caught and held them fast and there they died.

2. At last the hundred years came to an end. Then came a pri~~n~~ce braver and handsomer than any other.

3. He rode boldly toward the castle. As he came near, the thorny hedge turned to a hedge of flowers. These parted to let him through. Soon he stood beside the bed on which the pri~~n~~cess lay, still sleeping. After looking at her a moment, he stopped and kissed her.

4. Instantly all sleeping things about the palace awoke. The cook picked up the frying pan and went on preparing the dinner.

5. The doves eoped and fluttered on the roofs. The dogs barked and ran about, wagging their tails. The

horses stampēd in thēir stalls, and the grooms wēnt on cūrry ing them.

6. The king and quēēn and the pēople about them ōpenēd thēir ēyēs and wēnt on hold ing cōūrt.

7. The princēss sat up in bed. Seeing a strāngē princē stand ing besīdē her, she askēd him how he cāmē there. When she heard how she hād been sāvēd, she was vērŷ glād and grate ful.

8. By this tīmē the thōrnŷ hēdgē had tūrnēd to flow ers all a round the eāstlē. Seeing this, the neigh-  
bōr ing kings and quēēns cāmē to say how glād they were.

9. The slēep ers lookēd in sūrprīse up on the drēssēs of thēir vīsītōrs, for the stylēs had chāngēd. The vīsītōrs thōught the pēople who līvēd in the eāstlē vērŷ old-fāshjōnēd.

10. But this was soōn mādē right. It was not lōng befōrē the whōlē cōūrt was drēssēd in the vērŷ lāt est stylē.

11. Then a grēāt wedding fēāst was ōrdērēd, and the Slēep ing Bēāūtŷ was mārrīēd to the brāvē Princē.









